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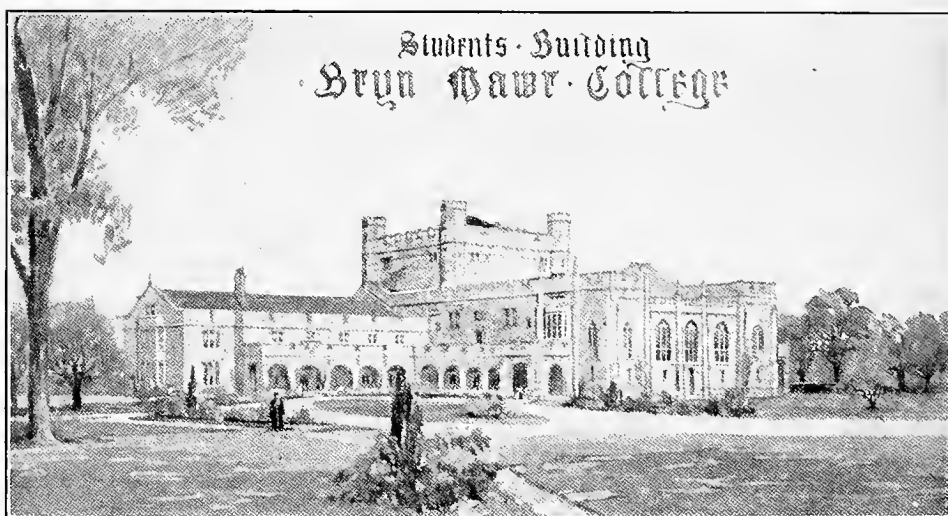
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CLASS BOOK

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Index

	PAGE
To Parents Who Read This Book	13
FRESHMAN YEAR	
Class Officers.	17
“My Heart Leaps up When I Behold—”	18
Drama	19
Ghosts	20
Here Lies Meekness	21
1918 (A Primer Lesson)	22
Freshman Show	23
Llysyfran	24
Varsity Dramatics, 1918.	25
Radnor	26
The Majority Rules	27
Veni, Vidi —?	28
Athletics	29
SOPHOMORE YEAR	
Class Officers.	35
“If You Can’t Fight, Farm!”	36
The Young Visitor	37
Pirate Crew Kidnaps 1922	39
1919	40
Denbigh for the Denbighites	41
Beaux Stratagem	42
Infirmity Rules	43
1922	44
Pembroke East	45
Athletics	46
JUNIOR YEAR	
Class Officers.	51
Group Conference	52
Rockefeller	53
“Come Let Us Reason Together”	54
An Excursion Through the Hall of Merion	55

1920	57
The Night Before the Morning After	58
The Desolate Diner, or Funeral Bakemeats	59
1923	60
“Now Isn’t that Just Typical?”	61
Illuminations of the Lib	64
Athletics	67
SENIOR YEAR	
Class Officers.	73
The Return of the Native	74
Remedies	75
A Ballad of Pembroke West.. . . .	78
The Gentle Indian	80
1924	81
Dalton	82
Minnie the Milliner	84
An Invocation to Womanhood	87
This is a Highly Illumined Manuscript	88
A Dictionary of Political Economy.. . . .	89
Graduating with Honors	90
1921	92
Athletics	95
Faculty	99
Directory	109

To Parents Who Read This Book

DEAR Parents, as you read this book and hear
The jokes explained and fathom one by one
The things which make this college "lots of fun"
We bid you hush the swiftly growing fear
That all our college life is written here,
This the sum total of the things we've done.

No. We have read great poems, and the strong
Terse science texts have held us hour by hour.
But, in the half-light, pages lose their power;
We hear a phrase from an athletic song,
Hook on a hockey skirt and join the throng
To tea-house, chattering as we devour.

These are our guzzling moments—let them go
Lightly as they were lived. To those of you
Who doubt if all our tales of work are true,
We give assurance that new day will show
Us lib or lab bound, for none better know
Day has its dreams. But night has muggle, too.

HELEN HILL.

Freshman Year



Freshman Show

Class Officers

President—EVALYN MARYNIA LAWTHER FOOT

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COLLEGE NEWS—Elizabeth Hosmer Kellogg.

TIPYN O'BOB—Eugenia Benbow Sheppard.

“My Heart Leaps Up, When I Behold——”

CRUSHES are bad, and happen only to the very young and the very foolish. Once upon a time we were very young, and the bushes on the campus were hung with our bleeding hearts. Cecil's heart bled indiscriminately. The rest of us specialized more, and the paths of Gertie Hearne, Dosia, Eleanor Marquand, Adelaide, Tip, and others would have been strewn with roses if public opinion had permitted flowers during the war.

The type of person smitten was one of the striking things about the epidemic. For instance, our emotional Betty Mills spent many stolen hours gazing up at Phoebe's window. The excitable Copey was enamoured successively of all presidents of the Athletic Association, and has had a hard time this year deciding where to bestow her affections.

But there were some cases that were different from these common crushes. We know they were different, because the victims told us so. Only the most jaundiced mind could call by any other name than friendship Nora's tender feeling toward Gertie Steele, which led her to keep Gertie's room overflowing with flowers, fruit, candy, pictures, books, and other indispensable articles. (I always thought rather pathetic the story that once Gertie had been exposed to the measles and for a whole week could not be kissed good-night.) We will all admit that only the purest friendship caused Marjorie to knit the shell-pink sweater and gallantly rescue V. K.'s gown from the waste basket.

The real thing in the way of passion was the aura of emotion with which Kash surrounded Sacred Toes. She confided her feelings to one-half the campus, and the other half was not in total ignorance, but Kash constantly worried lest it should leak out.

Of course, all these things happened in our extreme youth.

ELIZABETH GODWIN,
KATHARINE WOODWARD.

Drama

THE spirit of reform in the theatre so prevalent in America in the winter of 1917-18 spread immediately to the progressive Main Line communities of Merion and Radnor. In Merion this spirit gave birth to the "On the Square" players. It is beyond doubt that the moral tone of the community was improved thereby.

The first effort worthy of note was entitled "The Dark Horse." The plot is more subtle than that of the ordinary run of plays, and the whole is written in the most exquisite verse. The climax comes when the soldier hero is unable to save the heroine from the base German spy because his trousers are stuck to the Dark Horse with wet paint. With great presence of mind our soldier boy rises to the occasion by stepping out of his trousers and performing the rescue efficiently in B. V. D's. Who can say that this sort of drama does not educate the taste of the community? In the initial performance the title role was played by Miss Frances Riker, her hair proving to be a most realistic tail.

The sincere efforts of the players were rewarded by only minor successes during the next few months. In "Prejudice the Puritan Maid" the high-minded heroine refuses her lover because he can read only ten pages of German per hour, and consecrates her life to the higher education of women. This play, in blank verse, was given for the famous Miss Sarah Taylor and her coterie. It was not appreciated. On the whole, these great pieces of dramatic art were above the heads of the laity. It was not until the "On the Square" players entered broader fields and gave their never-to-be-forgotten "Birth of Meekness" that their struggle to improve the dramatic taste of the common herd bore any fruit.

ELIZABETH KALES.

A REVIVAL of the old English tradition was the contribution of the Radnor group toward a general public interest in higher things. On the fourth floor Young Lochinvar came out of the West clad technically super-correct, having his entire costume composed of athletic clothes. He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone, for his good broad hockey stick served interchangeably for sword and horse. He stayed not for break, but boldly entered the Netherby hall to find his fair Ellen kissing a watering can.

The leading parts in the other plays were Goggin as the lily white doe, who dropped her head in Lady Clare's hand and followed her all the way; and numerous bounding billows, whose loud waves lashed the floor beneath a sheet, and whose waters wild went o'er Lord Ullin's daughter, and ended her stormy journey in a wicker rocking chair. The simple yet forceful settings for these classics was a note-

worthy break with the Belascan tradition of over ornamentation. Take, for example, their realistic Scottish lake, suggested by a single sheet, under which writhed one of the "general utility" of the company.

In order to still the almost uncontrollable passion roused in the audience by these artless ballads, a series of morality plays followed, taken from the book of *Cautionary Tales* upon which Dean Taft was raised. The justification of this method of elevating the public has been admirably shown in the after life of the members of that company, for was it not here that Katharine Woodward first learned the art of fire-brigading in the denouement of *Matilda Told Such Dreadful Lies*, and what but the lines of Charles Augustus Fortescue, who "did everything a boy should do," could have stimulated the self-government germ in Goggin?

FLORENCE BILLSTEIN,
HELEN HILL.

Ghosts

S HADOWY creatures in dim lit gardens
Flitting about, all whites and greys,
Such was the meaning I gave to ghosts, in
My pure subfreshman days.

Different now is my understanding
College has taught me more things than one
I asked for light on a certain subject,—
Mother, they gave me the sun!

HELEN D. HILL.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

The editors do not hold themselves responsible for opinions expressed in this column.

To the Editor of the COLLEGE NEWS:

"We will make you love us all before the year is done." Thus 1921 confidently sang at the beginning of the year, and we had hopes. If such was their intention, some of its members have adopted very strange methods to accomplish this end. We do not quarrel with them for being "fresh", because unlike most Freshman classes, 1921 has been commendably meek.

As common courtesy is to be expected from anyone, it has never been thought necessary to include it in Sophomore rules. When a whole room full of Freshmen remains not only glued to their seats at the entrance of upper classmen, but even fails to rise at the entrance of an elderly lady; when the sidewalks are continually blocked by sauntering Freshmen; when their whole attitude expresses "with '21 there is nothing wrong"; it seems that if we would, we could not, love them. And yet the year is almost done.

DISGUSTED.

(In this letter the birth of Meekness, child of 1921, was announced.)

To the Editors:

Events of the past few days have led us to believe that the Sophomores are too much impressed with the dignity of their own position. While we have long since learned to consider our crackers and jam as community property, we should like, if possible, to keep our hats, desks, rugs, and pictures for our own use. In conscription days, when time is no longer our own, may we not pursue our Sunday meditations free from the intrusion of rude appraisers? If this is the Sophomore idea of courtesy, who are they to vote the Freshmen fresh?

INDIGNANT SISTER-CLASSMEN.
[Seven Signatures.]

(This letter, written a year later, proves that Meekness was dead.)



Here Lies Meekness

1918 (A Primer Lesson)

$1 + 9 + 1 + 8 = 1918$. 1918 was a Class. It was a Proud Class. We knew the Class when we were Lit-tle but we did not know the Class well. We knew Char-lotte and Les-lie and Vir-gin-i-a. We still know Les-lie but it is pro-nounced Miss Rich-ard-son. Vir-gin-i-a was a Chick-et-y Chee-Chee-Chee. Yes, Vir-gin-i-a was a Bird. Perhaps there were a whole flock of Birds in 1918. But we did not know them well e-nough (e-nuff) to find out. It is too bad, 1918.

Freshman Show

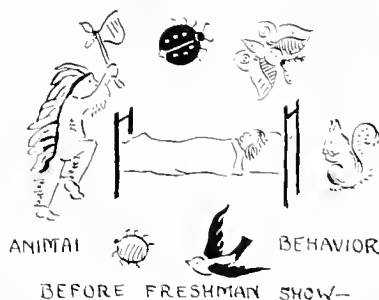
IT IS hard to look back calmly on a state of extreme emotion, and so it is that to write of Freshman Show immediately throws me into such a panic that my instinctive reaction is to snatch the blotting-paper from my desk, paint it with stripes of red ink and twist it into a costume for "stick-candy" in the Hoover Chorus. Confusion was the striking note of Freshman Show. Confusion for weeks before in the practice rooms of Pembroke East, where no two members could agree on the exact melody of "Going Up"; confusion on the top floor of Llysyfran where Emily vainly tried to coach expression into "Is it troo-hoo, is it you-hoo?" and at the same time teach the entire Egyptian Chorus in Schurmie's room to balance on one foot while going through strenuous calisthenics with arms and head. The result was that Miss Ford thumb-tacked notices on the lavatory door, saying that the floors were old and shaky and might fall through if all the fattest members of 1921 insisted on practicing to be Isadora Duncans. What that Egyptian Chorus was we failed to appreciate completely until we saw it through the eyes of the Sophomores later in the year. Emily saw herself in Mad Brown; I saw myself in D. J. . . . Confusion!

My pleasantest memory of Freshman Show is the Last Day—the Day when the scenery had not yet been located in Rockefeller basement; the Day when nothing had yet been made in the way of costumes beside the animal costume (which, of course, had been ready for weeks) and the Roman helmets for the Flowers in Act II. Luckily, we had in our midst Dot Carns, who, besides being a criminal lawyer, had degrees in cooking and sewing. Headquarters for activities accordingly shifted to Llysyfran, where string hung in garlands from the chandelier and buttons grew on the carpet, and twelve vigorous damsels cut up my best nightgown into twelve Egyptian costumes.

From then on my memory is blurred. There was the make-up; there was Luz still rushing about; there was a lone tenor singing the curtain song . . . and then, complete oblivion.

When I came to, someone was fanning me with a copy of the *College News*, which had something on the front page about a mute hero and a red color-scheme.

MIRIAM MORRISON.



Llysyfran

THIS is Llysyfran's last appearance. We are the last of her veterans—we the last who shall sigh over her name, and tremble at Miss Ford's.

Llysyfran was always exclusive; the first year for Freshmen only (except for the self-sacrificing Junior chaperones); the second—having possibly learned a lesson—for anything *but* Freshmen. Miss Ford preferred the first contingent. They didn't climb in windows at midnight, they didn't have the flu, and they did have a lot more beaux (she set great store by the latter).

A memoir of Llysyfran should be a series of pictures—words fail. The first might be simply a little note flapping on a pin stuck into the great wooden ball at the foot of the stairs, of which a close-up would show:

“Will the young lady who stole the dish-rag from the tea pantry please stop in Miss Ford's room at her earliest convenience?”

Another picture might show the roof—figures wrapped in comforters, distributed at various angles, singing to the tree-tops and to the stars, nearly all night. Another: the front hall at 11.45 P. M.; Towser standing under the moose-head, ringing the fire-bell like a town crier; Lulu stumbling from squad to squad, recognizing not a soul, and finally planting herself in the middle of the hall with the announcement, “Can't find my squad.” Still again: same hall, filled with squealing excited persons; clouds of steam bursting from the tea pantry and filling the whole house with dense hot fog; Miss Ford, on the verge of tears, wringing her hands, running in circles around the hall and crying, “The boiler has burst! What shall we do, what shall we do, what shall we do,” etc., ad infinitum. Clouds of steam continue. Finally enter Hero from Power House, who strides in and turns off the hot water faucet which was causing the trouble.

There were other times . . . But Mary Lou retired promptly at 7.30 every night and began bellowing “Sh-sh-sh” at that moment. The closets were all filled with Ibby's evening dresses, but our hearts were filled with gladness, and it was sad indeed that just as we were beginning really to know how to spell her name and pass the word on to our bewildered correspondents, we were forced to leave Llysyfran. She is now dissected into apartments with six new bath-tubs. (We saw them being carried in.) Requiescat in pace.

KATHARINE M. COWEN.

Varsity Dramatics, 1918

VARSITY Dramatics called for vigor and decision from the first. It called in vain. My earliest vivid memory is of a committee meeting consisting of Miss Hodges, Miss Martin, and me,—Lorna had wisely held aloof,—called at 1.30 one Tuesday afternoon to vote upon whether the chairman of the committee and the stage-manager should be one or two individuals. Miss Martin was of the opinion that the two offices should be combined due to stress of time; Miss Hodges felt that the work would be too heavy for a single pair of already stooped shoulders, and thought that possibly some one longer in college . . .

The intervening months between that meeting and the final performance may have been a period of pursuing an artistic ideal for those lofty others,—for me they were one of pursuing Mrs. Patch's beads. Nightly as she sank into the waiting chair in the center of the gym. floor she crossed her legs at the expense of the string of heavy wooden beads which dangled to her hem. For the rest of the evening I slid about on splintered knees.

The night of the final performance has left only a few vague memories. I remember finding Marjorie (by that time she had said, "As long as we are going to see a good deal of each other I suppose you might as well stop calling me Miss Martin") wandering back and forth over the stage at about half-past five vainly pursued by Cornie who was trying to forcibly feed her a crisply dry chicken sandwich; I remember the entire servants' hall, assembled, ready to go on the stage, striking because no one would give them spirits of ammonia to drink; I remember Nan Thorndike landing on my head as she slid down the pole from the running track; and I remember the gratifying glory of P. T.'s smile (as observed through a small hole in the curtain) when Virginia naively announced that she was a chickety chee, a chickety *chickety* chee.

HELEN D. HILL.

Radnor

"DEAR MISS ——:

"I am pleased to inform you that you have been assigned to room ——, Radnor, for the ensuing year 1917-18.

"Yours very sincerely,

"EDITH T. ORLADY."

Thus was the dreary fate of twenty-eight Freshmen sealed, twenty-eight joyous young things still eagerly clinging to a hope of Pembroke doomed to this far reputed hole of grinds. But they had been there only two months when they were heard modestly singing:

"Radnor has come up a step
Ha, ha, ha!
Those Freshman gave that hall a rep
Ha, ha, ha!"

We were in those days unduly large—some of us sat at every table in the dining-room—we conversed freely, we sang well, we must have been odious.

After Freshman year our ranks were much depleted, the lure of Llysyfran and the insidious work of mysterious summer forces having cut us down to the scant number of sixteen. (We secretly resented the disloyalty of those who had deserted us for other halls, but we invited them back for Sunday night supper.) Early in Sophomore year the survivors swore eternal fidelity to Radnor, banded together in an organization to meet nightly on the common ground of muggle, invented a graceful sign of greeting and a whistle to call members. At dinner one evening, just after all of the above had been decided, a newly shorn member (alas, we have had several shearings in our flock) arose and announced amid the shrieks of her confederates (we always enjoy our little jokes), "The Sons of Guz will Guzzle in the Guzzleum tonight at 9.15." "Sons" we called ourselves, but we always addressed fellow sons as "Sistern". The somewhat perverted language of our chief merry jester infected us all, and such words and phrases as "twirdy", "cherry tree", and "seven times cursed" became part of our common parlance. While partaking of the evening collation, jokes are encouraged by the mild, gentle giggle of Flub-Jub and Ben Jamin's more than adequate imitation; our wits are sharpened by the subtleties of Hellenish humor; and our longing for romance finds some outlet in quizzing our blushing Mary. Sometimes, of course, we feel subdued and things are dreary, but no matter what may happen we always have with us the incessant, clever, openly cryptic repartee of Naughts to Kash—and then, too, Copey will always spill her milk.

MARY SIMPSON GOGGIN.

The Majority Rules

A CRACKED plan was that of '18 and '19 for altering our predominance in the affairs of the cosmos. On the night of the memorable meeting we were instructed in the matter of straw votes. They put up their candidate; we elected our choice. Then that half vote per Freshman measure was sprung. How they expected to pass such a delectable measure when 125 of us could balk any majority and were essential for a quorum was quite beyond human comprehension, doubtless beyond parliamentary usage, and perhaps beyond V. K.'s master mind. Well, due to water-polo, the assembled multitude was given until the next meeting to consider it.

We considered it directly. Was it within the law? "Oh, let 'em, just let 'em thwart justice and popular will!" Thus M. S. Goggin, M. Foot, etc. We made a plan, marched around Taylor, and, returning to our halls, did not poison the soup of the despots.

The next meeting was called to vote on the half vote. En masse we betook ourselves—to the Lib lawn, and danced en baccanale while the august tyrants went up to the chapel. What did they see? No quorum? No quorum! For the quorum was couchant on the Lib lawn. Doubtless they looked at us from the windows and discussed us in envenomed terms. We laughed, ha ha, and rolled where the green-sward was to be; and it so happened that we were invited to return, and that in the spring we elected Marjorie Martin President of Undergrad.

H. H. McC. STONE.

I

Where are the irons of yesteryear?
Sizzling and hot our brains they'd sear,
Gone where Lois will go I fear.
Oh! Martyr Alma Mother,
What hope for Lois between hell and heaven?

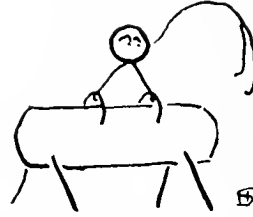
II

No more from third floor Merion Hall
Can Twenty with her usual gall
Murder the Freshmen, one and all.
Oh! Martyr Alma Martyr,
What hope for Twenty 'twixt hell and heaven?

HELEN IRVIN MURRAY.

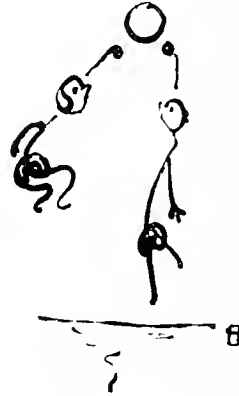
Veni, Vidi, —?

WHEN we were Freshmen.
We thought.
That we would win everything.
In Athletics.
Because 1917 had won.
Everything.
And our skirts.
Were even redder.
Than theirs.



The Horse

So we dashed.
Into Hockey.
And sang.
"She calls us Apples."
And another song.
About Missionaries.
And Hottentots.
And probably we also sang.
The War-Whoop.
Because at that time.
We loved.
The War-Whoop.



And after Hockey.
We tried.
Swimming.
And Water-Polo.
And track and tennis.
And Basket Ball.
And we won.
Second Team Water-Polo.
And we won.
The Gym-Mect.
But that was
All.



Perhaps our skirts.
Were too red.
I wonder.

Over Guarding

LOUISE F. CADOT.

Athletics, 1917-1918

All-round Championship won by 1920

TENNIS SINGLES

Won by 1920

Captain—H. JAMES

Manager—B. SCHURMAN

Team

H. JAMES

E. COPE

D. WALTER

DOUBLES

Won by 1920

Team

H. JAMES

D. WALTER

G. HENDRICK

B. SCHURMAN

E. COPE

W. WORCESTER

Individual Champion—M. S. CARY

Class Champion—H. JAMES

HOCKEY

Won by 1919

Captain—C. BICKLEY

Manager—B. SCHURMAN

Team

K. WOODWARD

B. SCHURMAN

C. BICKLEY

R. FLORANCE

B. WARBURG

K. WALKER

E. COPE

M. MCBRIDE

E. CECIL

M. WARREN

V. EVANS

On Varsity—C. BICKLEY, Sub.

SWIMMING MEET

Won by 1920

Captain—W. WORCESTER

Manager—E. COPE

Team

W. WORCESTER

E. COPE

M. MORTON

K. WOODWARD

E. BLISS

E. H. MILLS

E. CECIL

D. WALTER

H. WEIST

WATER POLO

Won by 1918

Captain—E. COPE

Manager—W. WORCESTER

Team

W. WORCESTER

E. COPE

C. GARRISON

E. CECIL

K. WOODWARD

E. BLISS

K. COWEN

On Varsity—E. COPE

TRACK
 Won by 1920
Captain—E. CECIL

<i>Team</i>		
E. CECIL	M. K. SOUTHALL	E. H. MILLS
J. LATTIMER	F. BILLSTEIN	M. CRILE
E. KALES	B. SCHURMAN	K. WALKER
E. COPE	B. FERGUSON	M. MORTON
H. BENNETT	E. TAYLOR	I. MAGINNIS
A. HOLLINGSWORTH	W. WORCESTER	
C. GARRISON	M. S. GOGGIN	

BASKETBALL
 Won by 1919

Captain—B. SCHURMAN

Manager—H. WEIST

<i>Team</i>		
D. MCBRIDE	M. S. GOGGIN	E. TAYLOR
B. SCHURMAN	H. WEIST	







Sophomore Year



Class Officers

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SONG MISTRESS—Marynia Foot.

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Francis Hollingshead, Elizabeth Barnett Cecil; *Business Board*, Dorothy Elizabeth
McBride, Elizabeth Hoel Mills.

BRYN MAWR REVIEW—Eugenia Benbow Sheppard, Jean Atherton Flexner,
Helen Dorothy Hill.

"If You Can't Fight, Farm!"

DOES anyone remember a certain period of her life when her hands were chronically inches thick with Montgomery County earth? When, for a month, she got up at 6 o'clock every morning to the tune of a triangle played by Libby Matt? When she rode joyously to the cornfields in good Sir Henry, chauffeured by H. Hill? When, among the brighter events of the day were the harmony parties over the canning tables—Pallas Athena and tomatoes in happy combination, where Mary Porter and Laura Ward, ably assisted by all the mutes, cheered us on? Not more sweetly did the tomato juice slide down our elbows than the liquid notes into our souls. This was the privilege of the fall workers at the Farm (Baldwin School edition, 1918).

The September division had another opportunity for musical education. Did anyone suspect why Mrs. Frederick Manning so willingly obliged us with "That Is Love" (vocal solo by H. H. T.). How could we have cut corn all day, noses red, sneezing one thousand times, if we had not been able to look forward to "the nicest boy I ever knew," who was "Charles Augustus Fortescue"—a song by the above-mentioned artist?

In lighter vein we entertained ourselves during the day by throwing away all of Henrietta's carefully picked green tomatoes, or mayhap peddling a potato or two in the village under a weeping sky. The greatest helps to the life of the party were the Misses Spry and Dimon. Abigail Camp Still-more-spry could, at the lunch table, chuck a week's orders at Helen, plan the meals for five days ahead, and calm the cook, at the same time telling the rest of the company that little food and much exercise were the two rules for keeping fit.

Does Custis ever see Ruth Wallace nowadays? Whither is fled that visionary gleam? And does Ann Godwin still farm every summer for pure love of the soil? Or do the June farmers look blank when you mention Abernethy's and the potatoes? Well, maybe they do—but we doubt it.

MARGARET V. MORTON.



The Young Visitor

1921 was a rather large class for its age, which was about two years, and lived in a small but costly college, with sumshious buildings and a swimming pool filled with nearly fresh water. One day the graduate students which were a searious body decided to ask a poet Mr. Vachel Lindsey by name to lecture to them. Mr. Lindsey was a reddish-haired gentleman with a clever looking pink face and a voice that he liked to sing with. He gladly came, but when he got there '21 hit on a plan.

"Vachel" they said. "We have a very fine room done in brown and probably there is some food left there from last time, anyway some pieces of crackers in the beds, and we will give you some tea there if you like and Miss Jane Brown will be there whose glorious dark hair you wrote a poem about if you will come."

This short but cheerful conversation made Vachel quite forget the graduates and he turned around and said, rather bashully, "I will willingly come '21—hark, there is four o'clock striking now." Then he came into the room with a nervous walk, and lifting up his coat tails squatted himself down in the corner.

Well, what do you do with yourselves at college, said Mr. Lindsey, feeling rather hot and ignorant.

Oh, we go to levies at P. T.'s said '21, where we eat marons and talk perlately about publok baths and that sort of thing.

Well, some people do, said Mr. Lindsey, kindly. Just then a cheerful smell greeted him and he partook of some lovely chocolate with fuzz on top. I see you have a lot of books, said Mr. Lindsey, in a jelous tone. Who are they by?

Oh, by nobody of importance, said '21, with a dainty snuffle. Mr. Lindsey was rather peevish at this as he saw two books of his own among them, but just then a young lady, who in a half-dirty T-shirt and hair that was cut off short and frizzed, thought she looked quite the thing, said, Oh, Mr. Lindsey, won't you speak some of your sweet poems?

That I will, said Mr. Lindsey readily, but you must promise to roar like lions when I flap my elbows.

They all got rather red, but seeing it was the idear they did. When he had recited a long poem in a singing voice they thanked him perlately and told him he must go back to dress for the evening performace where the perfessors would be anxshious for their turn to roar.



PIRATE CREW KIDNAPS 1922 FOR SOPHOMORE DANCE

At the Sign of the Scarlet Moth, where brown ale flowed from copper casks among a gory pirate crew, the Freshmen found last Saturday that they had been kidnapped and were many salt leagues from twentieth century Bryn Mawr. The Sophomore dance, more elaborately and ingeniously staged than by previous classes, proved as colorful a spectacle to 1922 as Banner Show itself.

Pewter glittered from the long bar at one end of the gym, where apples were piled, bright cups clinked, and many a mariner stopped to broach a cask and jest with the graceful bar-maid, M. K. Southall. At the other end logs blazed with red paper in a huge stone chimney-piece, lighted by red lanterns, and ringed with settles, made from gym tables turned end-wise. Black skins were deep underfoot around the hearth.

The Skull and Cross-bones, quartered with ramping lions and galleons sailing on the Spanish Main, lined the walls. Through the small panes of the Swedish ladder hung against the wall could be seen a distant castle over the blue.

Pirate Passion Wins Applause

In the midst of the revelry, four roistering blades rolled up to the bar and demanded, "Come, wench, we want a drink; we come ashore through a fearful gale." With brimming cups they leaned over the tables, intent on their cards and dice. Rivalling to express their devotion in appropriate phrases from countless college songs, M. P. Kirkland and B. Ferguson besought the bar-maid to be theirs. M. Foot, the cynic, stroked drooping mustachios, and stretching back in his chair, commented as M. P. Kirkland, snarling in disappointed rage, cursed, "Hirensousai soi deime!"

After a mad jig by P. Ostroff, urged on by hoarse shouts and clapping, the pirates bade farewell to the Freshmen in a really memorable song by H. Hill, ending,

"You've seen our canvas reflecting the moon,
But called it whitecaps, it vanished so soon:

So now you'll know us, though moondown
calls each wandering shade,

And to oblivion our black-bulled galleon
then must fade."

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the only pleasant write-up we ever had in the *News*. It was written by members of 1919 and 1921.

1919

WE CANNOT know your feelings when you first saw your very red, very numerous offspring peppering the campus and athletic fields in the hockey season. But we can well understand that the sight of the scarlet strange “dawn”, which was us, made you voice your longing for the rose-colored familiar “sunset”, which was '17. In spite of the fact that you did voice it quite frequently, we “thought you were the best”—leaped for joy when your banner hung on the gym (we were kept leaping most of the time), sighed rapturously at your singing—were, in short, as highly inflammable in our hearts as we appeared to be in our hockey skirts. All of this might seem to indicate that you were great only in the eyes of your enthusiastic freshmen. But that is not true. For now that we can view you with the critical eyes of seniors, our conclusions are the same. You are still superior—the best in athletics, the best in singing. “Here’s to our Juniors!”

Denbigh for the Denbighites

THOUGH the inhabitants of Denbigh pull together harmoniously as a rule, they have had a good deal to put up with and correct in each other. Foremost is Jane's random cat-boarding with its consequent trail of devastation. Still, Jane claims the last, "Agnes," proved its proud and ancient Persian lineage by its selection of Irv's box of manuscripts in preference to all else. Then, of course, it is very distressing to have Confetti become so worldly wise that she greets every anecdote with "Now you hush" instead of accepting from her elders and betters advice on dyeing a waist in checks by using checked Rit, or the advisability of rolling all one's furniture into the bathroom weekly for a scrubbing! We have tried to cure Lube of holding in her false teeth when she laughs, and Sniff of her inordinate stuffing at table (one string bean and four grains of rice). Genia, too, has been rather a disturbing influence ever since the night of the Famous Bite. It was the night before briefs were due, and by 3 A. M. the nerves of the literary lights in the Rabbit Hutch were a bit frayed. Of course it *was* tactless of Chloe to drop a tennis ball on Genia's head; but how could she expect to be bitten in the finger as a result? Besides, what class would not blush to have one of its members open at table a letter containing a golden curl, returned to its owner by a rejected but noble swain? Chloe's undeveloped sense of modesty is another sore joint. What could be more awful than the décolleté costume of brief petticoat, loose hair, bare legs, and train of nondescript tapes in which she stood calmly in the show-case door, rubbing at Chickie and, as she thought, two boys from the blind school at Overbrook. Unfortunately, they turned out to be Eleanor Collins' brother and a friend from Haverford! (Sorry, Eleanor.)

Still, as we have said, the Denbighites can unite in pursuit of higher things, as witnessed by their superb reproduction of "The Woman God Forgot," with all the Aztec actors thereof neatly but slightly clad in tea-cups and fox-furs. Luckily they were unconscious that the performance was a death blow to Becky and Augusta, who looked in vain for so much as the immoral pink undershirt!

Last of all are the clubs, beginning with the engagement club. Personnel: Miss Ehlers, B. Stokes, Genia, Teddy, Chickie, Chloe and Irv. The first step off has to treat the others, but an unfortunate undercurrent of deception has characterized it all along, and so the members are still hungry (for further details apply to hall rep.). We are sorry now we didn't include Genia's roommates, Ferth and Holly! The club for the suppression of Teddie's conversation about Jamie and the Welles twins has had a notable success. We are thinking now of turning our energies to rescuing Biffie from the depths of her solitaire passion.

Finally, we would call your attention to Denbigh's gallant protest against money making vocations. The Mother's Club has a large membership: President, J. Lattimer; vice-president, C. Garrison; secretary, E. Harris; member, A. Taylor. We feel that this organization will have a widespread influence, though temporarily

checked by internal dissension (Ann feels that she has been vice-president from the start, but was downed by a unanimous vote of the other members; at the next meeting the creation of a treasurership for her will be discussed—a safe move as there are no funds)! It has been rumored that the president will be asked to resign on account of her increasing sense of mission, but she has taken the stand that social work will only fit her the better for office, as it will make her the Greatest Mother in the World (or second greatest)!

—CLARINDA GARRISON.

Beaux Stratagem

THIS winter the Williams "Cap and Bells" Club sent out a letter in which they stated that for the first time for a period of 25 years it was possible to see a college presentation of "The Beaux Stratagem." This statement is not so false as it seems at first glance. For if the cutting which we were told was done in our case had been neglected in theirs it probably would take just about that length of time to give the complete play. If this surmise is correct, we trust that they will omit a curtain song,—or, if not, at least change the wording to

"Give ere *you* leave *us*
An hour to our play."

—H. D. H.

Infirmary Rules

Found useful by the Staff.

1. No student may develop a disease (or break a bone) except between eight and eight-thirty A. M. and four and five-thirty P. M. If she fails to comply with this rule she has not got it (or hasn't broken it), but will be fined one dollar (\$1.00) for thinking she has.

2. If a student has broken a leg, give her calomel immediately after setting it, to keep her walking on it as much as possible.

3. Crutches should be at least six inches too short, to produce a maximum number of blisters on the hands.

4. If castor oil, fire balls, camphor pills, and iodine, do not cure it, cut it open—preferably with a dull scissors—and watch the wheels go round. They may prove something. Having looked, try more castor oil, and sew it up or not, ad lib.

5. There is no diet between orange juice with milk toast and mutton with cabbage.

6. Be as mysterious as possible about everything.

7. A student may never inquire what is the matter with her. If she does, smile as though you knew, to prove your authority. (You are not expected to know; Miss Mills is the only one who does that, unless she cares to tell Dr. Sands.)

7A. This rule also applies to a student who comes to inquire about a friend. Vary the procedure here by whispering that she is doing nicely but you can divulge no more. This is reassuring to the inquirer. It convinces her that her friend is dying of pneumonia when she has the cold that is called "pharyngitis and laryngitis" on the warden's report.

8. If you bandage anything, be sure to cut off the circulation.

9. If you apply a splint, see that it presses on the break and makes the bone come through the skin.

10. If a student has the "flu," be sure she uses the same wash-basin as every other patient who hasn't.

11. It is not etiquette to ring the bell for the nurse when she is receiving a beau in the sun parlor. Be sure this is understood.

12. The sun parlor may be occupied by a student in the convalescent stage only when the nurse has taken her caller out for a walk.

13. Students may no longer visit their friends at the infirmary. It disturbs the maid while cleaning the floor.

Advice to students.

1. "Give up all hope, all ye who enter here."

A. Interpretation. Be damned or at least dead, before you go there for anything more vital than two reports and a quiz.

B. W.

1922

THE spice of life is not lacking in you, '22, for yours is a variety of attributes. They range from histrionic ability to such leadership in the C. A. as required fresh committees for its fullest development. Art and morality—you have shown us that a happy combination of the two is more possible than the Greenwich Village Follies would lead one to believe.

As for your art, we love it. Not since the days of your grandparents, 1918, have we heard cleverer songs. We like your plays, which have a light and skillful touch. And it is pleasant to realize (after seeing *Trelawney*) that the light of your dramatic lamp did not go out when Cornelia left you for the Comédie.

The moral side of your character, the reforms you perpetrated, do not arouse such spontaneous appreciation. Blue laws go a bit hard with those of a red heredity. But if we have at times missed the invigorating sting of interclass feeling, we are really glad that our class baby, of the class of 1941, will know a B.M.C. where a senior talks to a freshman "as man to man". And in our own day of course we have at bottom been glad of the harmony which, except for the animal episode of our extreme youth, has marked our life together.

Pembroke East

ALWAYS there are the sheep and the goats—in every community it is so, and the only variation is in the standard of division. In East the standard has been one of chastity. Up in the cool blue atmosphere of Nancy's room the Purity League was crystallized. It would be indelicate to lay bare for publication the creed and tenets of this organization. Its ideals relative to the behavior of the sexes toward one another surpass those of *Clarissa Harlowe*. Marynia was its rigorous president. Of her rigor and justice we had evidence after the Christmas holidays when a certain member* was like to lose her membership by reason of too free "experimentation". Foot excused her on the old plea of acting on the scientific impulse to investigate. If Marynia had a vulnerable point, it was her passion for science—and yet, so soon as Easter, she was advocating an amendment to the constitution, preparatory to her Boston trip.

Downstairs in Morrie's more exotic surroundings gathered those others, headed by Ida and Louise, who were so far outside the pure pale. Here the criterion was not *Is he pure?* but rather *Does he ask the question in those passionate words, "My God, little girl, how I love you!"*

The cup of muggle, which makes the whole college kin, happily united the Pure and the Passionate at night, sheep and goats (I have carefully refrained from deciding which are which) feeding peaceably together. Discussions were many, long and fruitless. Faith in Potter and Guy remains unshaken; the League still searches for the Purest Man. Perhaps by this time one of its members has found the pearl in one of the vast collegiate oysters, thereby proving that the Purity Leaguers are not after all the goats.

—VICTORIA EVANS.

In war time our class grew so thrifty,
We gave up all clothes extra nifty,
Also suppers and tea
(Excepting when free)
And cut down expenses to fifty! (\$ ¢?)

—H. I. M.

*Editor's Note: "Certain Member" = Victoria.

Athletics, 1918-1919

All-Round Championship Won by 1919

TENNIS SINGLES

Won by 1920

Captain—H. JAMES

Manager—K. WALKER

Team

H. JAMES

K. WALKER

D. WALTER

DOUBLES

Won by 1920

Team

H. JAMES

B. SCHURMAN

C. BOLTON

K. WALKER

D. WALTER

D. McBRIDE

On Varsity—H. JAMES

HOCKEY

Won by 1919

Captain—M. WARREN

Manager—B. SCHURMAN

Team

K. WOODWARD

B. SCHURMAN

C. BICKLEY

A. TAYLOR

M. SMITH

E. CECIL

E. TAYLOR

D. McBRIDE

M. WARREN

M. P. KIRKLAND

L. BECKWITH

On Varsity—M. WARREN, Sub.

SWIMMING MEET

Won by 1921

Captain—W. WORCESTER

Manager—E. COPE

Team

E. COPE

H. T. FARRELL

M. MORTON

K. WOODWARD

K. WALKER

D. WALTER

E. CECIL

E. BLISS

E. TAYLOR

E. H. MILLS

W. WORCESTER



WATER POLO

Won by 1919

Captain—E. COPE

Manager—W. WORCESTER

Team

M. S. GOGGIN
W. WORCESTER
K. WOODWARD

E. COPE
E. H. MILLS
E. CECIL

E. BLISS

On Varsity—E. H. MILLS, E. COPE, W. WORCESTER

Subs.—J. SPURNEY, K. WOODWARD

TRACK

Won by 1922

Captain—E. CECIL

Manager—E. H. MILLS

Team

I. MAGINNIS
J. LATTIMER
E. CECIL
H. BENNETT
M. MORTON
E. KALES

E. TAYLOR
J. PEYTON
E. NEWELL
B. FERGUSON
B. SCHURMAN
A. HOLLINGSWORTH

E. JAY
F. BILLSTEIN
E. H. MILLS
E. COPE

BASKETBALL

Won by 1919

Captain—E. TAYLOR

Manager—M. S. GOGGIN

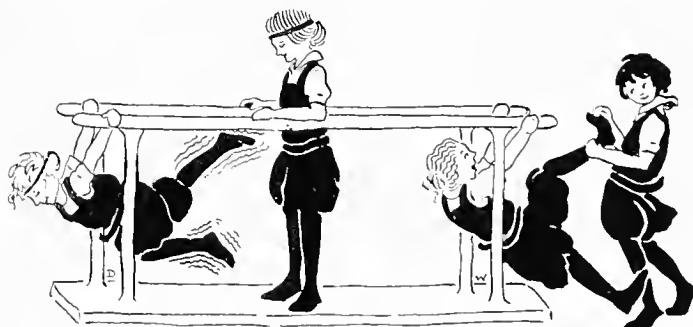
Team

B. SCHURMAN
D. MCBRIDE

M. S. GOGGIN
R. MARSHALL

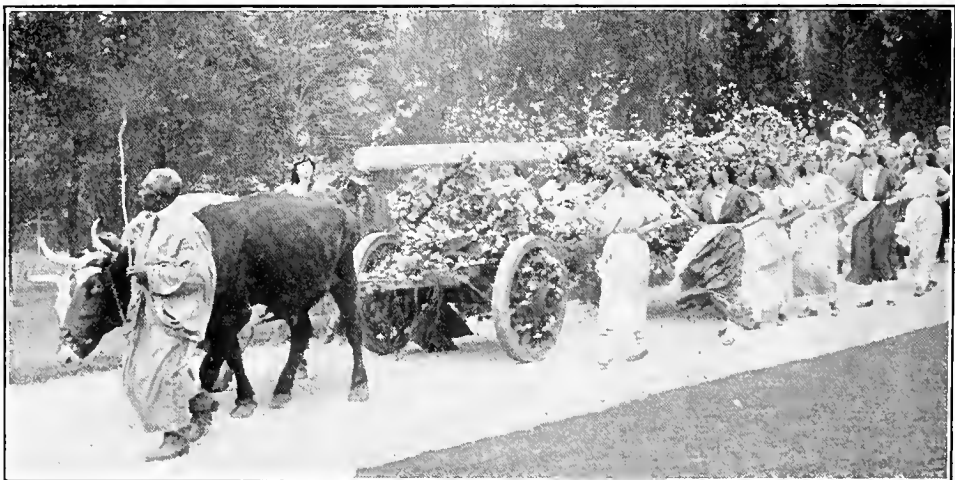
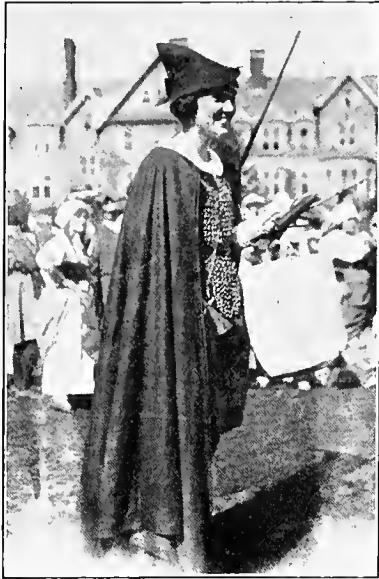
E. TAYLOR

On Varsity—E. TAYLOR





Junior Year



Class Officers

President—CATHERINE ELIZABETH BICKLEY

Vice-President and Treasurer—ELIZABETH PREWITT TAYLOR

Secretary—MARY SIMPSON GOGGIN

SONG MISTRESS—Louise Reinhardt.

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION—*Vice-President and Treasurer*, Winifred Worcester; *Secretary*, Elizabeth Prewitt Taylor; *Advisory Board*, Catherine Bickley.

SELF-GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION—*Secretary*, Eleanor Albert Bliss; *Executive Board*, Julia Cooke Peyton, Mary Simpson Goggin.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—*Treasurer*, Silvine von Dorsner Marbury; *Junior Member*, Helen Miriam James.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION—*Junior Members*, Elizabeth Francis Cope, Katharine Fox Woodward, Dorothy Elizabeth McBride.

COLLEGE NEWS—*Editors*, Elizabeth Hosmer Kellogg, Elizabeth Barnett Cecil, Kathleen Johnston, Catherine Dimeling; *Business Board*, Elizabeth Hoel Mills, Dorothy Elizabeth McBride.

THE BRYN MAWR REVIEW—*Editors*, Eugenia Benbow Sheppard, Jean Ather-ton Flexner, Helen Dorothy Hill, Helen Irvin Murray.

Group Conference

Scene: Your choice of

1. The placid waters of Lake George.
2. The Main Street assembly hall of a West Penna. town.
3. The soft light of the Rock. fireplace.

Time: Also a matter of choice, but most precious after 12 M.

Dramatis Personae:

1 Tender Shepherd

1st flock, ready to eat themselves into emotional satiety on whatever green pastures he may lead them to.

2nd flock, guests of the first, but with the characteristics of wolves in sheep's clothing.

A resumé of the plot follows.

Before opening the meeting, the T. S. looks about for the defiant faces of those who have been brought that they may be exposed to the Light even if they exhibit a negative reaction toward it. Then one of the 1st flock asks eagerly,

"Dr. ———, what do you think is the distinctive element in the progress which has gone forward so far in the last 25 years?"

The T. S. "It was on the crowded streets of San Francisco, in the midst of the bustle and throng of one of our modern cities that I heard from the lips of a little newsboy the voice of our generation, 'Let's Go!' "

One of the wolves herd mutters, "But where do we go from here, yes, *where* do we go from here?"

The T. S. catching the inflection if not the words, "S. I. N. yes Sin. S and N are the wall that keeps I, me, (censored). Each of us has a heart need! It is up to each one of us to find a brother's heart need."

Another one of the 1st flock adds co-operatively, "And if we who have had our splendid advantages can reach these people we can make the world *mean* something to them so that no matter how poor they are they can share in our great happiness."

Here a wolf questions whether the evolutionary process may not interfere with the time rate of reform of the world. The T. S. is supplied with a subject to prod toward the fold; the flock mills into a secure circle, settled for the night; the wolves bare their unanimous fangs for a moment; and the discussion (of the kind meant by the Board when they said, "I do hope we can get some *good* discussion") begins. After Faith has wrestled with Biology for some three hours, the wolf throws off the sheepskin and down the gauntlet. An expression of horror is reflected from face to face around the circle of sheep. One can foresee certain personally labelled prayers at future meetings.

The Lights go out, but the Light . . .

—HELEN D. HILL.

Rockefeller

WHERE, oh where are the days when our only care was to arrange some new revenge on 1918; when quizzes were new and not yet to be feared (even by Mary); when our idle moments were spent in devising pie-beds and spider-webs! Those delightful times came before P. T. announced the new merit rule, or we had conscription, or May Day, or Orals. Since those innovations, times have changed.

Freshman year there were thirty odd of us in Rock—a raucous crowd who disturbed the accustomed tranquility of M. F. and '18. '20 tried to reduce us by losing us in the cellar and reading rules to us, and a few (*i. e.*, Marg, who had been brought up in an atmosphere of truth) believed what they said; but then Laura giggled and made them mad, so they couldn't be impressive. We soon learned the location of all the rooms by the simple process of locking each other into strange rooms for the night. Confinement was but temporary for Jean, however, who climbed out of Holly's window and across the wall into the room next door. Our chief amusement was rough-housing; and when properly stimulated we achieved some really masterly performances in decorating Seniors' rooms. Result, Betty Houghton had us summoned before Self-Gov. for hazing.

Our activities in this line have been unsurpassed except by our arguments, which evolved from philosophy to hygiene and social service, to marriage (just ask Laura, Barty and Boz) and the next college president. Nor have the elements of culture been entirely neglected, as witness Betty Jones' classes in social etiquette. In fact, all sorts of formative influences were at work, for '17 lingered longer in Rock, and one night they held a touching little ceremony in the bathroom, in which Dan McGinty and Laura were conspicuous. Dan has had some narrow escapes—once when '22 could have painted him blue on Freshman night, if they had only thought of it, and once when Miss Applebee blew the whistle before he was all the way up the pool.

All of this happened Freshman year. After that we had a jazz band, and at last got Dorothy Walter safely married. Mrs. Vorys and the flue arrived together, but think not that they aroused the same emotions, for "Ad" immediately became a light to lighten the darkness of the worst quarantine. Compulsory drill was replaced the next year by compulsory paper flowers—who shall say which was worse?—and new celebrities appeared in our midst when Barty took to singing "Mabel" and Betty displayed her accurate aim with lemon pie.

But many have been our losses. They left by ones and twos and threes. We might almost be said to be more famous for the Rockites who have left than for those who—. And we count Miss Adair as a Rockite. But others have come to us too—Mary O'Neill, our enfant terrible, and Wigs, who is a delight not only on Thursday nights, but throughout the week. We shall be sorry to leave. Thelma has tested everyone's intelligence, Grace has told us jokes (?) and Matt has done "little nameless acts of kindness" for everyone. And Klenke and Barty have had an eye to the future and have brought up the Freshmen in the way they should go. In short, 1921 Rock, we congratulate ourselves on our career.

“Come, Let Us Reason Together——”

“COME, let us reason together,” said Dr. Derry. “You can tell a Bryn Mawr girl, but you can’t tell her much. A lie is an abomination before the Lord, but an ever present help in time of trouble. Mormons are people whose religion is singular, but whose wives are plural, and to find the fourth dimension imagine a tomato can turned inside out. I drew a lemon in the garden of love. (Keep your spirits up by pouring spirits down.) I know two tunes: one is Yankee Doodle and the other isn’t. Come, let us reason together. Little feet tramping, tramping——.”

This minus the outlines occasionally copied from the board and minus many “said Vivian to Violet” jokes, is an exact copy of any of Dr. Derry’s Minor Economics notes. This same paragraph, delivered from a soap box and substituting a few new jokes and a few fiery phrases, constitutes any of the five speeches delivered by certain Bolshevist members of the class.

—ELEANOR DONNELLEY.



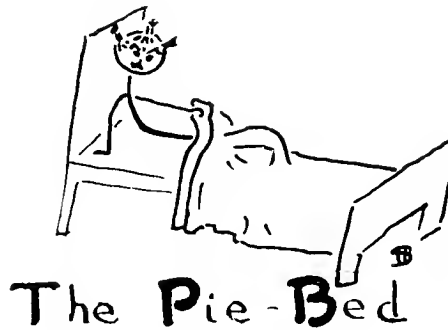
“But, Madam President--

An Excursion Through the Hall of Merion

(Specially contributed by Alexander Pope)

Behold where *Merion* rears its lofty head,
The cradle of the spirit of the red:
We enter now the stately spacious hall—
Observe the naked *Venus* on the wall—
But fairer *Venus*es than these we find
Within their perfumed boudoirs are reclined—
Here on our left we see petite *Irene*,
Writing or sewing on a small machine;
(Now memory will pause and shed a tear
For *Jonesy* who once taught deportment here,
And *Betty Llewellyn* who in years gone by
Preferred elopement to our company.)
Next *Cecil* bursts upon th' astonished view—
The model school, with fudge for her to chew
Besiege her apartment. Up the winding stair
Look, 'tis of ants and chloroplasts the lair;
Sharp to the left resides the sleek-haired *Marg*—
She killed *Miss Swindler* in a cranberry bog,
Mon occupies the chamber on the right—
Ah! *Herbert*, you are Fortune's favored wight!
Next, see the curtains of cerulean check—
This *Mary P.* and *Bickey's* room, I reckon—
Bick has a little meeting here but her
Roommate is riding out with *Mortimer*.
This is of *Jane* and *Lulu* the demesne,
Lulu improved the singing here, I ween.
See, queenly *Jane* with dusky love-locks rife
Sniffs a gardenia, contemplating life.
(Here Memory will shed another tear
At thought of little *Bowlegs*, lost and dear,
And *One* who sped at midnight down the hall
Chasing an apple for a hockey ball,
Late of the On the Square, *Miss Frances Riker*;
Miss Alice Hawkins, few are wardens like her;
Chick Parsons, who once entertained next door,
Where *Betsy* and *Betty* after held the floor)
Adventures are the lot of *Betsy Kales*—
The goggled-eyed *Betty* loves to hear her tales.

Another stairway and we do behold
Bettina modelling *Flossie* out of mould.
 (Now Memory sheddeth tear on bitter tear,
Aileen and *Margaret* once abided here,
 And *Gert* and *Minor* once adorned this floor,
 Alas, that neither of them do no more!)
 Next *Kath* and *Mary* claim the public eye;
Katharine has spread her T-shirt out to dry,
 But *Mary* cons the Spur while *Maria* presses
 Her tailored shirtwaists and her muslin dresses.
 (Memory's handkerchief is sopping wet,
Grace Lubin think not that we do forget.)
 Up the steep turret stairs reluctant toil
 To visit *Dot McBride*, a charming goil,
 Her clothes are snappy and her manners gay,
 And near her dwell the pair, *Sylvine* and *Kay*.
Kay nurses in a cap and apron white
 Or teaches *Pedro* how to read and write.
 Her room-mate is a stately nymph in green
 A cousin to our precious *Sam*, *Sylvine*.
 Full many a party do these maidens hold,
 And read about the fire when winter's cold.
 'Tis ruefully we leave this ancient hall,
 Finding it is the pleasantest of all.



1920

ON THIS page we ought to write something startling, something that would make you cry, "*Will* you look at this? 1921 is certainly the most——" But to be thus startling would require either inexcusable insolence or sudden sentimentalism. In any case we would have to be roused. If we were writing in Freshman or even in Sophomore year this would have been easy. But in the wisdom of our maturer days we grew into an attitude of liking for individuals and indifference to groups. The hatchet is buried, and although we would not disinter it, the new era of unbroken calm grows dull at times and we find ourselves thinking fondly of the days when you were here—and peace was not.

The Night Before the Morning After

Dramatis Personae:

Leech: A person who has no class notes to speak of and has read one out of eight books. She is lazy, not stupid.

Suckee: One who has read them all and takes down her lectures verbatim.

She has dodged the Leech successfully since 4 P. M., and is now foiled because the halls, unfortunately, lock at 10.30.

Enter Leech: Oh, are you studying for the quiz? I won't disturb you a minute. I suppose you know everything and have been studying for days! My dear, I literally don't know a thing. You should see my notes. I can't make anything out of them. As to reading—well, of course! You people who raise the standard make me sick. I suppose you know all about Spenser. What were his dates anyway? Thanks. Have you any reading notes?

(Pause, during which the Suckee sighs, nods, and turns to her notes to reopen negotiations with the spirit of the professor.)

Leech: It's awfully cold in my room. Do you mind if I sit here and study if I keep perfectly quiet?

Suckee (with enthusiasm): Do.

Leech (embarking upon a piece of salt-water taffy): You know I have the worst headache. I simply couldn't study all day. Have you ever heard of Horace Walpole? I'm sure I never have. I've got to get merit on this quiz. (In an aggrieved manner, seeing that the Suckee has apparently "gone into retreat.") Oh, would you mind telling me just one thing?

Suckee: What?

Leech: Well, exactly who were the poets of the Eighteenth Century?

Suckee (bitterly): Is there anything else you want to know?

Leech (with a quavering voice): Oh, you know I don't want to bother you. Don't trouble, please, if you're busy. Goodness, my head aches!

Suckee (wearily): Oh well, the first really important one——

Leech (who has been greedily attentive, like a lap-dog at tea time): Oh, that's great. Thanks a lot.

Suckee: I think I'll go to bed now.

Leech: Do you mind if I stay until you have had your tub and look over your reading notes?

* * * * *

Suckee (in honey tones): Dearie, I am going to open the window now.

Leech: I guess I'll go, although I can't go to bed yet. Good-night.

Suckee turns out light and sees the door shut and sighs with relief. A head reappears in the door.

Leech: What did you say Walpole's dates were?

Suckee (yawning): I've forgotten. (Exit the head.)

Suckee waits until the footsteps are out of hearing, then she shuts the window again and turns on the light. Enfin seul!

The Desolate Diner or Funeral Bakemeats

JUNIOR-SENIOR supper play! The words alone are mirth provoking (provoking, certainly). The gym was draped in black to resemble a dining car. The Seniors were quick to appreciate this emblem of mourning, and their sensitive souls were touched with such sadness that not even Marynia's perfectly ripping pants could make them smile. Even Chloe in Zinc-O and a red flannel wrapper covered with purple petunias (borrowed with infinite tact from a slovak grad "because its our class color you know") retreating from her accidentally locked exit into the arms of the grinning waiters failed to cheer them. Alice was particularly sad because, though at her urgent, one might almost say peremptory request, the seating had been rearranged to give her a place beside her Jewel, at the last moment her heart's desire did not turn up. She consoled herself in one corner of the gym with her second-best, dancing the Hoover Cabinet, so-called because it economizes space.

Well, anyway the food was good and the delightful melodrama of Alice and Darth and their hero Hugh was thoroughly enjoyed by the waiters.

—HELEN IRVIN MURRAY.

There once was a playful young goat
Darn bought him, for reasons remote.
His hunger was great
Shrubs and note-books he ate
This rapacious, voracious young goat.

L. F. C.

1923

IT IS all very well in these days of anti-potterism and cool practicality to scoff at the "curse of the red and the green" which hung heavy over '17 and '19; and to resolve that in our estimate of you reason shall guide us and sentimentality be dissipated. So, in measured terms, we might praise you for your tennis, and for the fighting spirit which in a certain water-polo game made us glad when the whistle blew; and we might remark upon the excellence of your *Caesar and Cleopatra*. All of this, and more besides, would be quite correct. Yet it is not the whole truth; and so, at the risk of being accused of falling under the ancient curse, we must add that "from morn 'till night, we're telling you right, we love nobody but you".

“Now Isn’t That Just Typical?”

Choruses from any Class Meeting

It has been moved and seconded that the nominees withdraw.

The President: The floor is open for discussion. Who nominated Miss Walker?

Darn or the equivalent: I nominated our Kat:

She’s always on the spot,

She kept accounts well freshman year—

They tallied to the dot—

Executive ability—

(Here words fail the speaker and a confidential aside is necessary)

You know how much she’s got,

And she looks sweet in evening cloths—

(Triumphantly) The class owes her a lot!

Biffy and Ellibell: (Unofficially) Oh, if you’re counting looks,

(Reciting alternate lines) You know,

She can’t be half so good as Chlo.

(Officially) Chloe was marvelous at school

At doing things like that,

Once she gets started, she’s got pep

She puts through what she’s at.

Lulu: She never gets things done, I think,

She’s lazy as can be!

And I don’t care, I don’t see how

She’s up to Mary P.

Fres.: (With hammer accompaniment) Oh will the meeting come to order?

We haven’t got to Mary Porter.

Ann: Come, you just give Chlo a chance—

Gosh, she looks wonderful in pants!

The Foot-rests: Oh you all know there’s no use talking

Of all Foot’s done, and still will do.

Cash: Yes, but Helen wou’d be so splend’d,

Copey and Goggin think so too.

Mary
Flossie
Kathleen } Go to it, Woody, good for you!

Voice of an athlete: Say, open a window before I smother!

Stone: Children, children, love one another.

M. K. Southall: Take Victoria now. She writes lovely verses—

Editor: Dragged out of her by blows and curses.

Voice: I know you all have heard before—
Pres.: I believe Miss Southall still has the floor.
M. K.: Oh, that is all I had to say,
 I think she'd be good anyway.
 If you don't believe it, just ask Jean.
Spooney: I don't remember having seen
 Just what she wrote, or heard them curse.
 And I really know nothing at all about verse.
Becky: I'd like to speak for Miss Parsons,
 Whom I nominated, I think,
 And say that she saved freshman show
 When it was on the brink
 Of being just no good at all,
 By doing Luz's hair
 In such a way that she looked tall.
 You know you can't compare
 Luz with anyone in the class.
General Cheer: Runa Chicka Ricka Run! 'Taylor!
Pres.: Order, order, on the floor
 Please tell us whom you are speaking for!
Becky: Oh, I forgot, I was speaking for Chick.
Pres.: It's almost two now, so do be quick.
 At this point Taylor rings. The question is moved and
 comes out in favor of—. Everyone starts to get
 up camel fashion.)
Bickie: Oh, just one second, before you go,
 The chapel was practically empty you know,
 On Sunday last. It's a disgrace!
 We can't look the ministers in the face.
 Besides, you don't know what you lose.
 "Compulsory's" the only way out if you choose
 Never to go. You disgrace the college.
Foot: May I ask for the source of the knowledge
 That Miss Bickley implies when she say's "enforce"?
 They can't *make* us go if we won't, of course.
Pres.: Cecil and Lulu have something to say.
 (During the following speeches there is a steady stream of
 people leaving for lab and tripping over the legs of
 those still sitting)
Lulu: There's an oral song we must learn right away.
 So all come to song-practice, don't forget.

Cecil:

About Apparatus—you can't go yet!
There's an exercise I've decided to set
That the other classes can't possibly get.
You never touch the bars at all
Until you somersault and fall
And stand on your head on a basket-ball.
It isn't hard. Come try it, you-all.

(At this point there is a general upheaval and exodus.
Above the talking the harmony club can be heard
trying the new song and switching into "Ragtime
Cowboy.")

Scribe's Note:

The only thing I'm sorry for
Is that we'll hear these sounds no more.

BETTINA WARBURG.



Illuminations of the Lib

I REFER in my title not to the hundred yards of curly brass and three circlets of speckled lights which were suddenly suspended in our midst last year, and which thrust themselves most unpleasantly into one's impassioned contemplation of the beautiful red and black maze above. No, it is not of these I would speak, but of certain well known high lights in a Libby life: the Merion mélé in front of the left hand fire; Pickle on the main alley receiving a steady stream of lap callers; Delly philosophising to Sandy in inaudible tones just outside the new book room door. A quiet place to rest and sleep is the Lib (some people can sleep in a thunderstorm), but not without its little fun.

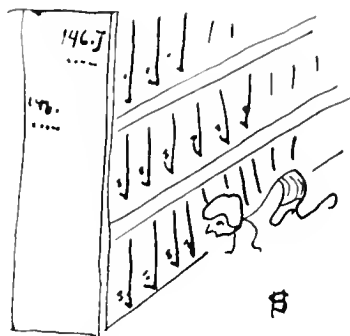
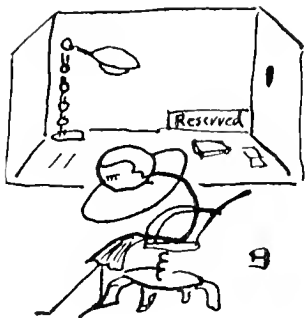
That some find life there a little drab at times is evidenced by the following poem, which was handed to me:

“Six mid-years close before me
A January day
Three yellow walls around me,
Two inkwells and a tray.
I lean upon my blotter
And yearn my heart away.”

But we cannot sink into utter dullness, for the monotony may be lightened any moment by the entrance of a crowd of visitors eager to behold the painted features of our president; or our attention may be intrigued from our books by the appearance of the Oxford graduate trundling a pile of wood; or, best of all, a cat may come in, and what, I ask you, could be more novel and amusing than a cat?

If you think the Lib is dull, it is simply because you are an amateur at lib life, or, perhaps, instead of joining the upper strata, you have fallen in with the inhabitants of the underworld—a dingy people, living among piles of books. The real Libbites remain as much as possible in the upper regions, and are a simple race, prone to sleep and laughter.

MARY SIMPSON GOGGIN.



The Report

Bryn Mawr has a red-haired librarian,
 A damsel by name of Miss Terrien;
 She can tell with a sniff,
 By its singular whiff,
 If a book comes from Denbigh or Merion!

HELEN IRVIN MURRAY.



BANNER SHOW

Athletics, 1919-1920

All-Round Championship Won by 1921

TENNIS SINGLES

Won by 1923

Captain—H. JAMES

Team

H. JAMES
K. WALKER

E. COPE
W. WORCESTER

C. GARRISON

HOCKEY

Won by 1921

Captain—M. WARREN

Manager—C. BICKLEY

Team

K. WOODWARD
E. TAYLOR
C. GARRISON
J. PEYTON

E. COPE
M. WARREN
D. MCBRIDE
K. WALKER

C. BICKLEY
L. BECKWITH
E. CECIL

On Farsity—E. CECIL, C. BICKLEY, M. WARREN

Substitute—E. COPE

SWIMMING MEET

Won by 1921

Captain—K. WOODWARD

Manager—E. H. MILLS

Team

E. CECIL
E. COPE
E. BLISS
J. BROWN

E. H. MILLS
S. MARBURY
M. MORTON
E. TAYLOR

K. WOODWARD
W. WORCESTER

First Place in Individuals—K. WOODWARD

Second Place in Individuals—E. H. MILLS

WATER POLO

Won by 1921

Captain—E. COPE

Manager—W. WORCESTER

Team

E. BLISS
E. H. MILLS
K. WOODWARD

E. COPE
E. CECIL
W. WORCESTER

C. GARRISON

On Farsity—E. COPE, W. WORCESTER

APPARATUS

Won by 1921

Captain—E. CECIL

Team

E. COPE

M. LADD

E. TAYLOR

E. CECIL

M. SMITH

J. PEYTON

First Place in Individuals—E. CECIL

Second Place in Individuals—E. COPE

BASKETBALL

Won by 1920

Captain—E. TAYLOR

Manager—M. S. GOGGIN

Team

E. COPE

C. GARRISON

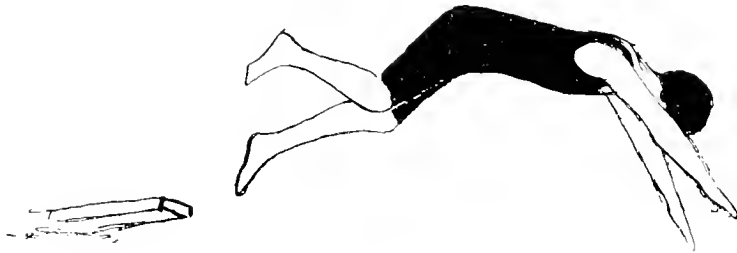
E. BLISS

E. CECIL

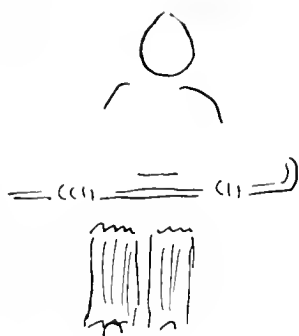
E. TAYLOR

On Varsity—E. TAYLOR

Substitute—E. COPE



'21 Tucs out for swimming classes



1st



3rd



5th

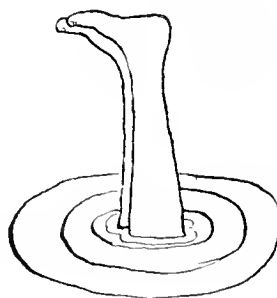
DEFENCE



Chalk Hockey



"Cuck cuck-cuck coo-tee!"



R. Woodward diving
("Sacred toes")



Senior Year

SENIOR RECEP- TION



Class Officers

President—ELIZABETH PREWITT TAYLOR

Vice-President and Treasurer—WINIFRED KIRKHAM WORCESTER

Secretary—ELEANOR ALBERT BLISS

SONG MISTRESS—Louise Reinhardt.

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION—*President*, Marynia Foot; *Advisory Board*, Elizabeth Prewitt Taylor.

SELF-GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION—*President*, Mary Simpson Goggin; *Vice-President*, Julia Cooke Peyton.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—*President*, Catherine Elizabeth Bickley; *Vice-President*, Helen Miriam James; *Board Members*, Katherine Walker, Eleanor Albert Bliss, Winifred Kirkham Worcester.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION—*President*, Elizabeth Francis Cope; *Vice-President*, Katharine Fox Woodward; *Board Member*, Elizabeth Barnett Cecil.

ENGLISH CLUB—*President*, Helen Dorothy Hill (resigned), Jean Atherton Flexner; *Secretary*, Clarinda Kirkham Garrison.

FRENCH CLUB—*President*, Eleonore Dubois Harris.

HISTORY CLUB—*President*, Winifred Kirkham Worcester; *Vice-President*, Silvine von Dorsner Marbury.

SCIENCE CLUB—*President*, Eleanor Albert Bliss; *Treasurer*, Helen Thompson Farrell.

SPANISH CLUB—*President*, Helen Adelaide Bennett; *Vice-President*, Mary Baldwin.

ITALIAN CLUB—*President*, Mary Baldwin.

DEBATING CLUB—*President*, Elizabeth Hosmer Kellogg.

GLEE CLUB—*Leader*, Emily Kimbrough; *Business Manager*, Eleanore Boswell.

THE COLLEGE NEWS—*Editor-in-Chief*, Kathleen Johnston; *Editors*, Elizabeth Hosmer Kellogg, Elizabeth Barnett Cecil, Florence Warrington Billstein; *Business Board*, Elizabeth Hoel Mills, Dorothy Elizabeth McBride.

THE LANTERN—*Editor-in-Chief*, Helen Dorothy Hill; *Editors*, Jean Atherton Flexner, Helen Irvin Murray; *Business Editor*, Mary McClennen.

The Return of the Native*

ENTER P. T. from Rock arch at 8.40 on an October morning. She wears a turban and under one arm carries a marble seat with dolphin arms to be installed in the deanery, and under the other an Arab Sheik, for the same purpose. She is preceded by eight little black boys, who double shuffle toward Taylor steps chanting:

“Thou Gracious Inspiration, thou busy bee,
Mistress and Mother, all hail, P. T.
Goddess of Wisdom, thy talk divine
Hath beacons all Araby to thy shrine.
And we thy black boys would thy servants be,
Thy boots to polish in the deanery.”

As P. T. ascends senior steps she hears a confused noise in the distance as the college awakens and streams into the chapel.

P. T.: “This is the Taylor primeval, the tessellate tiles and the statues:
As of old when the leaders of women came to bow down at my footstool,
Came in their robes academic, came to inquire of my knowledge,
How to wrest woman suffrage from congress—
So in this new generation their daughters are reverently waiting
Clad in *their* robes academic, are waiting for me, their apostle.”
Black boys hold open door, chanting,

“Hic, haec, hoc,
Huius, huius, huius,
Huic, huic, huic.”

Entering the chapel, P. T. stops in amazement as she sees the rows filled with students in bathing suits and gay hockey skirts, and the platform occupied by C. M. K. A.-p-l-b-e, the spirit of college activities.

C. M. K. A. (finishing sermon):

“So go for All-Philadelphia,
A licking is always swell for her,
Hi, give 'em hell, give 'em hell, give 'em hell,
Bryn Mawr! Let's all give a yell for her.”

Choir responds pounding floor with hockey sticks,

“Anassa, Kata, Kalo, Kale,
Amen, Amen, Amen, Hooray!”

*Copyright Oct., 1920. Rejected by *Welsh Rabbit*, Nov., 1920. Rejected by *B. M. Review*, Jan., 1921. Rejected by *College News*, April, 1921. Submitted to 1921 Class Book, May, 1921.

P. T. (advancing in a towering rage) :

“What means this vulgar commotion, this unacademic haranguing?

Where are the hymns and the anthems, the prayers and petitions of Barty,

Who are these daughters of Satan, these profligate wastrels in scarlet?

Are these to be leaders of women, are these to enforce prohibition?

In the name of the League of the Nations, I command you descend from the
rostrum!”

C. M. K. A. answers by hurling a Bible, and *P. T.* retaliates with Sheik and
the arm chair.

* * * * *

Four hours later nothing remains but the arm chair and three white hairs. The
little black boys sit around sobbing huic, huic, huic. . . . The college files out
slowly, singing,

“They have gone, let them go, God bless them,

They are ours where'er they may be,

Tho' their elements were mixed and their wills a trifle fixed

Hail Apple! All hail *P. T.*!”

KATHARINE WARD,
ELIZABETH KELLOGG.

Remedies

Remedies at Bryn Mawr are

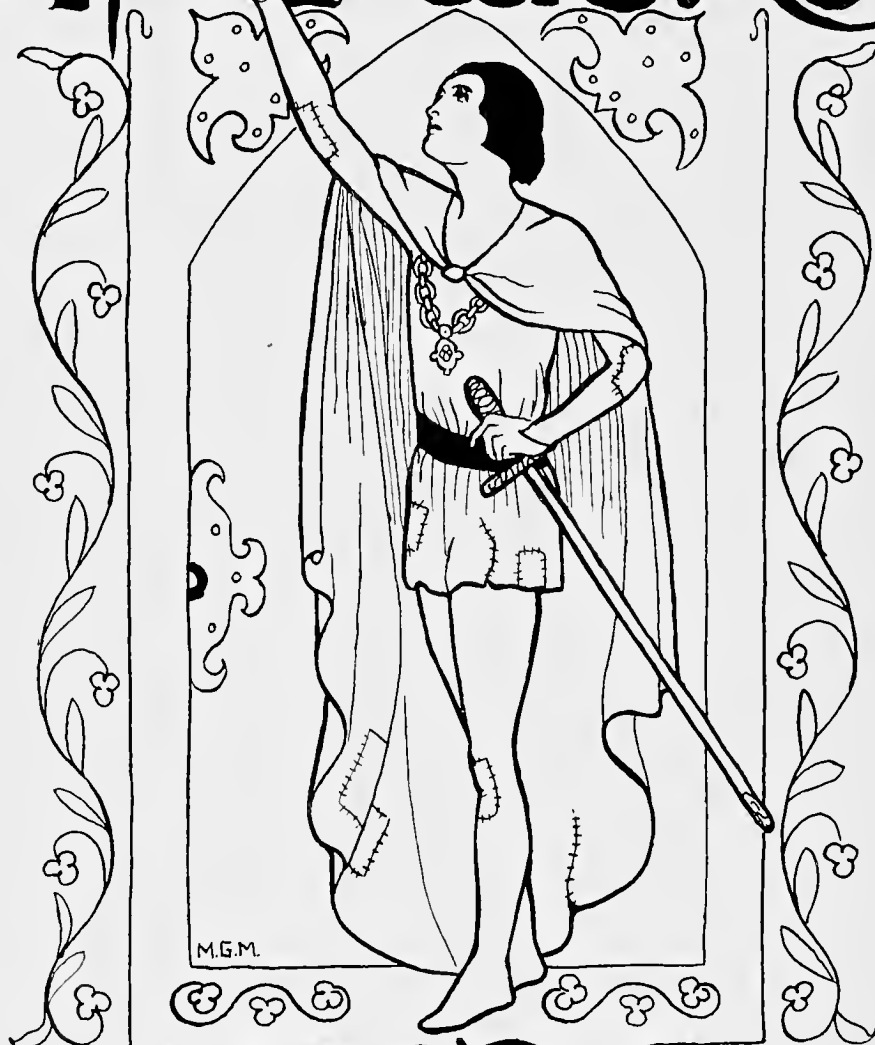
The funniest ever seen,

For weak eyes they say calomel,

For week ends, quarantine.

—B. K.

IF I WERE



KING



A Ballad of Pembroke West

THERE was a hall, by name Pem. West,
A very pleasant spot,
Where life was gay, and friendships warm—
(Although the toast was not).

Now in this hall lived fifteen girls.
(They all were bright and sweet.)
And some fed late each Sunday morn—
And some ate Shredded Wheat.

Will those who lived there e'er forget
The phases Darn went through?
From saxophone to playful goat;
Accordions; bath salts, too.

Will Luz forever take delight
In tripping people's heels?
A childish sport—and yet, recall
Her dignity at meals!

Will Mabel ever leave her roof,
And sleep as others do?
And will she yodel down the halls
When she is eighty-two? (I think she will.)

Of Emily and her fifty beaux
I could examples cite,
And tell of visits to the Inn.
I could—but is it right?

At Kat and her hilarious jests
We've laughed through many a meal;
(And let me add that Kat herself
Did laugh quite a good deal).

Now let us sing of blushing Mag
(For that's a serious case).
She is a worldly, wicked vamp,
Though innocent of face.

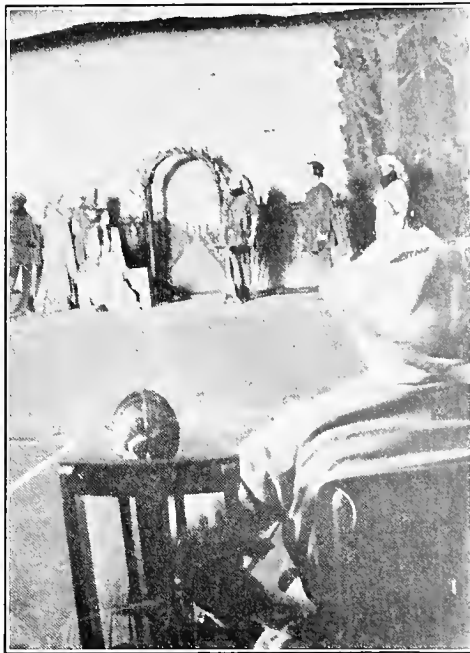
Oh, Slightly, giving mental tests
And saving chicken's lives;
Cecile, with ever hurrying step,
And very large brown eyes;

And Ellen ripping sweaters out,
Then knitting them again;
And Jimmy, very fond of pools;
—Oh, praise them all, my pen!

To Henrietta, neat and spry;
To Maria's lucid mind;
Louise's giggle, Hooven's pills,
And Dot's rocks, ranged in line;

To all of these I sing a song,
And add to it a cheer—
And, as for me, I wish this were
Our youthful Freshman year!

LOUISE F. CADOT.



The Gentle Indian

THE limousine, so essential to the comfort of the guests of the English Club sped through the winter twilight. Within were Helen and Mary, Pond and Tagore.

"Where shall I find him?" inquired Dr. Tagore in a high monotonous voice.

"Who?" asked Helen.

"The man of my heart."

"Oh."

Then followed a monologue by the Indian gentleman and after a few more attempts to turn it into conversation Helen decided that he must be rehearsing his speech for the evening and settled back for a nap. Mr. Pond, however, was not sleepy. He constantly burst forth with,

"Gosh! Mr. Tagore, just look at that sky. Poetical? I'll say so." And

"Gosh! That's pretty."

but the Sage continued to murmur like Tennyson's Brook. Ponds may come and Ponds may go, but he . . .

"Gosh, here we are!" said Helen as the car drove into Pem. Arch.

At dinner Mr. Tagore rehearsed another speech to a hushed bunch of listeners at one table while Mr. Pond kept the other in roars of laughter. Afterward there was a glimmer of conversation which quickly died when Mr. Tagore said,

"I met a man in London once; he was an agent, too, Mr. Pond."

Then Mr. Pond expatiated on Mr. Tagore as though he were one of Madame Tussaud's best:

"He does not use rouge or other cosmetics. All his clothes were made especially for him in Japan,—” At this point the wax work murmured sweetly,

"Is Mr. Pond talking about me?" And some irreverent soul piped up,

"Now it's Mr. Tagore's turn to tell where Mr. Pond got *his* clothes."

"The manufacture of B.V. . . ." obligingly began Mr. Tagore, but here Helen interrupted with,

"I think we'd better go down to the gym, don't you, Mr. Pond?"

"Gosh! Yes!" said the irreproachable.

HELEN IRVIN MURRAY.



1924

IN SOME ways you are rather like every other Freshman class. The regular autumnal letter in the *News* has called you fresh when you were not fresh. And your first athletic song was peculiar. (It is still peculiar.)

In some ways you are different. For instance, in the quantity of debutantes; in your ingenuous lack of constraint before upper classmen; and in the number of people you had on Varsity. These and other cheerful facts prove that, not only in the shade of its Hockey skirts, the light blue is becoming less pale. Gloria in excelsis.

Dalton

(With apologies to Kipling.)

THERE is a building wonderful
(May the Lord amend it)
Neither pretty, sweet, nor clean,
But its murky mysteries drew
Christian girls quite a few
Keenly to attend it.

Christian girls quite a few,
Really quite a number,
Struggling to get there at eight
Awful scared lest they'll be late
Keeping up to Nancy's rate
Which novels don't encumber.

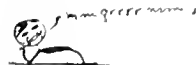
In the dark dens on the floor
Helen sits with Jimmy,
While Minor tuning forks resound
Testing for the rate of sound
Whose echoes out of tubes rebound
And strange sensations gimme.

Doctor Huff with stately tread,
Glancing not at Susan,
Speaks in tones extremely slow
Of the gentle winds that blow
And 'tho 'most asleep you know
He has his over shoes on.

Anna with her envelope,
Making eyes at Shrader
Plays with enzymes while D. T.
Just as subtle as can be
Vamps all of biology:—
M. G.'s coif betrayed her.



James Llewellyn drinking drugs
 For his wounded finger,
 Shows to Kash and Bliss some things
 Quite unique enough for kings
 As sweet Roger folk songs sings,
 And Spaniels* nigh do linger.



Up on top the fourteen tons,
 Flossies little playthings,
 Rubies and great obelisks,
 Adding to our many risks,
 Gathered by her gang on frisks,
 They who are our gay things.



Through the whole a sweet perfume,
 "Odors of Araby!"
 Clinging to you night and noon,
 Won't be washed away too soon—
 Fish enough to make you swoon.
 H₂S or Br—maybe.



In the end we all are vamped,
 And we come to live there.
 In post-major labs we've camped,
 Where our spirits are not cramped,
 Where we all the sleuth have lamped—
 More juicy here than elsewhere.



H. H. McC. STONE.

**Note.* Spaniels = Lab. girls (see hair).

Minnie the Milliner
or
M. C. T.'s Struggle for Economic Independence

WHEN Minnie Thomas was just eighteen years old she was as lovely a slip of a girl as ever blossomed like a lily from the gutters of the Baltimore slums.

So it was one day that Lionel Morehead swinging through Sweeney Street espied her emptying swill out of the front window, and 'twas not long 'ere he had wooed and won her. At first all was sunshine and happiness and twelve little ones blessed the union. Their names were Charley, George Barton, Samuel Claggett, Lucy, Esther, Constance, Henry Nevill Sanders, Georgiana, Ethel Sabin, James Llewellyn and James Leuba Morehead, and Delly who was the last to see the light.

But now a storm broke. Lionel grew neglectful and niggardly. Minnie's heart was racked by Charley's toes protruding from holey boots, while the twins, Samuel and Constance, were forced to take turns at their flannels. Something had to be done, and Minnie remembered how in the good old days she trimmed her bonnets— bonnets envied by no less a person than Mrs. Russell Sage. She timidly suggested to Lionel that she set up a hat shop and pay a few bills.

"A hat shop!" said Lionel, and swore a great oath, kicking George Barton, who merely smiled patiently and indicated with swimming eye that he wouldn't return it. "By God you shall never work for a living so long as I can use two hands (and feet) even if you are starving. I will sacrifice all twelve children rather than my honor." And he broke the ear drums of James Llewellyn who was a sickly little boy anyway.

Minnie dared not violate her marriage oath, but for the sake of the children she resorted to degrading methods which harrowed her pride. She cried for eight days, on the last of which Lionel swore his greatest oath, flung out his permission, trounced Georgiana and permanently disabled Henry Nevill. At this display of male brutality Minnie became aware that Lionel was a true man, and in a noble fury she rushed to the window and hung out a number of hats for advertisement. At once she had a success, but in the days of her greatest triumph she did not forget the family. Every three hours, or was it four, she would rush down from her uptown shop to care for little Delly, and she took a tender pleasure in telephoning Izzie, the hired girl, to produce a No. 1 luncheon when Esther and Lucy invited their play-mates in.

She was now a millionaire, and one evening as she sat by the fire smiling at her little brood, which was being hypnotized by James H. whose psychic gifts were developing rapidly in his father's absence, there came a knock at the door. This brought Henry Nevill out of his trance and he began to scream loudly at sight of a hat pin stuck (by J. H.) through his thumb. A familiar oath rang through the room, striking terror to the hearts of all. In at the door stumbled a sodden wreck, Lionel.

"Minnie", he muttered miserably. "Minnie, I am broke. Lend me \$3.60 to put the business on its feet again!"

Minnie surveyed him calmly with the perfect poise which comes to a woman when she is economically independent. "No, Lionel," she said, in clarion tones. "I will not lend you \$3.60 to put the business on its feet. I am no longer Minnie Morehead but Minnie Thomas (née), and earning my own income to spend as I will, wisely like a woman, not viciously like a man. It is my business now to be hard hearted, for the sake of my children."

At this the miserable wretch burst into D. T.'s at her feet. The twelve children set up a great hue and cry. Ethel, who was a sweet little thing and whose heart was not yet so hard as her mother could have wished, tried to soothe her father's writhings by promising that she would break open her penny bank and supply him with at least the sixty cents of the \$3.60 required. James H. merely gazed at his father, entranced by such a show of animal behavior. Constance very practically threw some cold water over the prostrate rake, whose enfeebled constitution could not withstand such treatment, for he gave a last chilly shudder and lay still. Minnie merely signified to Izzie that she might send for the undertaker as she could not waste *her* time in such menial tasks. The children formed an awestruck but relieved circle round their deceased parent. Esther thoughtfully carried Delly in her arms that he might not miss so moving a moment, and although James Llewellyn and Henry Nevill were heard to mutter that theirs was "a nasty father anyway", George Barton reproached them all by lifting his pale blue eyes to heaven and saying softly, "O Lord, we thank thee for this beautiful evening!"

KATHARINE WARD,
VICTORIA EVANS.



An Invocation to Womanhood
or
How to Tell the Birds from the Wild Flowers*

*The editors felt obliged to censor this lyric since they feared its dignity and beauty might overexcite the emotions of some of the younger readers and cause faintness or hysteria.

This is a Highly Illumined Manuscript

(With apologies to Mrs. Bernard Berenson.)

RE-AULLY, my soul-mate and I always have believed that the alumnae were gifted with aesthetic susceptibilities, even when we observed them trotting ab-aht in their sunbonnets and aprons in the bright June weathah. We nevah doubted that their sojourn undah Taylah Towah had left its mark. Now we have absolute proof. On first sight of these remarkable pictures, whose theme is our deah campus, we said to each othah, "This is an alumna." And when, one merry noon-tide, we saw in a little basement shop these glorious paintings offered for sale, we jumped at the opportunity and, hugging each othah, said, "How much?" They said, "\$4.50." We said, "This is IT, IT, IT!!!"

Transpose yourselves in speereet to a most comfortable divan from which alone such mastahpieces can be enjoyed. Let us now gaze first upon one which might be called, *An Eearthquake in the Library*. The wavy contours of the sombre mass of the building convey the feeling of impending disastah, while the creamy textuah of the fountain recalls something intimately familiah to us all. Its companion pieces, *Fire Works at Kubla Khan's Ice Palace* and *The Hershey Apple Tree* have succeeded at least in bringing the stars delightfully close. In the idyllic scene, the *Pueblo and the Poplar*, we see that the frank yellow and green are boldly contrahsted and the whole has a feverish brilliancy. Another of these hors d'oeuvres is popularly called *Cherry Tree Recovering from the Mange*. I am not surprised if this audience does not like it. As Tagore said, after three hours of meditative silence, it takes forty years of intensive training to comprehend these things.

J. A. FLEXNER

H. H. McC. STONE.

I'LL tell thee everything I can
About our janitor.
I saw an aged, aged man.
A-sweeping up the floor.
"Who are you, aged man, I said,
And why do you do this?"
In cockney accent he replied
"A man of Letters, Miss."

He said, "They've given me degrees
At Oxford, Cambridge, too,
I speak in several tongues with ease—
I've read the Iliad through.
My reasons are not numerous

For cleaning out your halls,
It's just because I'm humorous,
And chic in overalls."

And now if e'er by chance I roam
Within the learned door
Of any library at home
To get the last Tagore,
I weep, for it remindeth me
Of that old man I used to see,
Who cleaned the lib at B. M. C.,
Whose hair was white, you'd all agree,
But brown, he said, when out at sea,
Whose wife had fallen from high degree
And suffered epileptically,
Who told Miss Reed that dust, pardee,
Must caustic efflorescence be,
Then disappeared mysteriously
From sweeping up the floor.

B. K.

A Dictionary of Political Economy

Revised Edition.

The Family:

An institution powerful in prehistoric times, before the origin of social consciousness. Survives, in intensive form, in Pembroke West.

Feudalism:

A state in which the upper classes live by the labor of the lower. Rockefeller is an example.

The Leisure Class:

What its name implies. Flourishes in Denbigh.

Collective Bargaining:

The use of concerted action to enforce the will of a group of people. Its efficacy well illustrated by Radnor.

Utopia:

An imaginary state of society in which liberty, equality and fraternity prevail and all class struggles are at an end. Said to exist in Merion.

The Struggle for Existence:

Is being carried on in Pembroke East.

L. F. C.

Graduating With Honors

Magna Cum Laude

Upper Ten

ELEANORE BOSWELL
KATHARINE WARD
JEAN FLEXNER
BOWER KELLY
HELEN MACDONALD

HELEN HULL
GRACE LUBIN
DOROTHY WYCKOFF
JULIA PEYTON
MARY NOBLE

Cum Laude

HELEN BENNETT
MARGARET LADD
BEATRICE SPINELLI
ELIZABETH COPE
MARGARETTA ARCHBALD
BETTINA WARBURG
THELMA WILLIAMS
HELEN RUBEL
MARY MCCLENNEN

ELIZABETH CECIL
ELIZABETH GODWIN
LOUISE CADOT
SIDNEY DONALDSON
MARY PORTER KIRKLAND
EUGENIA SHEPPARD
AILEEN WESTON
IRENE MAGINNIS
ELEANOR COLLINS

European Fellow: ELEANORE BOSWELL.

George W. Childs Essay Prize: KATHARINE WARD.

Sunny Jim: MARYNIA FOOT.



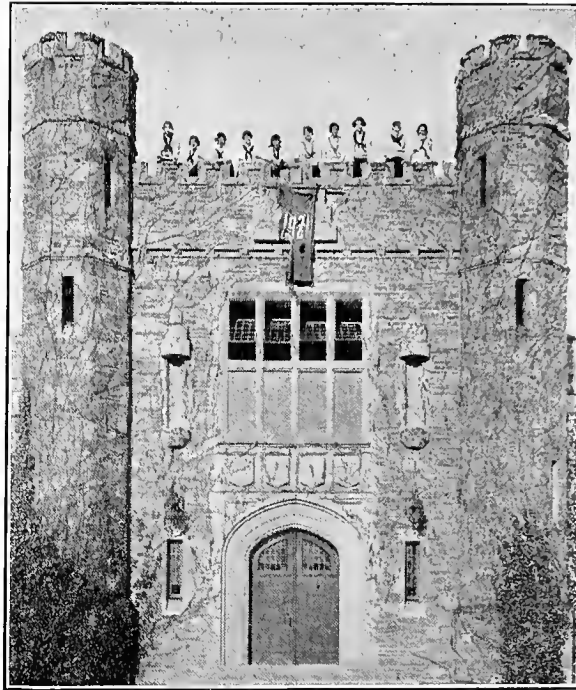
"SUNNY JIM"

1921

IT SEEMS unnecessary for us to write what we think of ourselves: we already know what we think, and other people think they know. Something not so well understood is the reason for certain reactions of other classes and individuals toward us. Upon this subject the following quotation from a well-known Psychology book may be illuminating:

“That colors have a profound psychological effect on human beings is a fact which should be appreciated. Used in small quantities the color red, for instance, is most stimulating, both in the way of helping to overcome depression and quickening the intellectual processes. But when used in any great amount it tends to overstimulation, with resultant nerve-strain. There are some people so constituted that they become violently excited, fall into convulsions, or faint, if obliged, even for a short time, to look at anything vividly red.”

We feel that this explains many things.





Athletics, 1920-1921

All-Round Championship Won by 1921

HOCKEY

Won by 1921

Captain—E. CECIL

Manager—E. TAYLOR

Team

M. FOOT
E. TAYLOR
M. KIRKLAND
W. WORCESTER

E. COPE
E. NEWELL
E. CECIL
K. WALKER

C. BICKLEY
D. McBRIDE
F. BILLSTEIN

Varsity Captain—C. BICKLEY

On Varsity—M. FOOT

M. KIRKLAND

E. CECIL

Subs.—K. WALKER

E. NEWELL

E. TAYLOR

WATER POLO

Won by 1921

Captain—E. COPE

Manager—W. WORCESTER

Team

K. WOODWARD
E. MILLS
E. BLISS

E. COPE
W. WORCESTER
E. CECIL

C. GARRISON

Varsity Captain—E. COPE

On Varsity—E. COPE

K. WOODWARD

E. BLISS

C. GARRISON

Subs.—W. WORCESTER

E. CECIL

E. H. MILLS

APPARATUS

Won by 1921

Captain—E. CECIL

Manager—M. LADD

Team

E. CECIL

M. LADD

J. PEYTON

E. COPE

M. SMITH

E. TAYLOR

First Place in Individuals—Won by E. CECIL

Second Place in Individuals—Won by E. COPE

SWIMMING MEET

Won by 1921

Captain—K. WOODWARD

Manager—E. COPE

Team

K. WOODWARD

E. MILLS

J. BROWN

E. COPE

E. CECIL

W. WORCESTER

M. MORTON

S. MARBURY

E. BLISS

First Place in Individuals—Won by K. WOODWARD

Second Place in Individuals—Won by M. MORTON

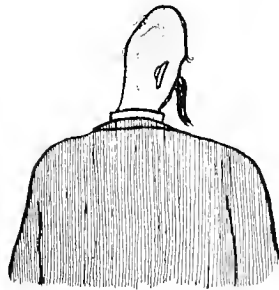
[Further statistics not available when the class-book went to print.]





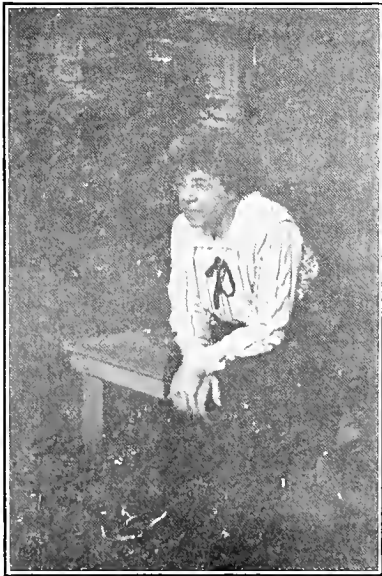


Faculty

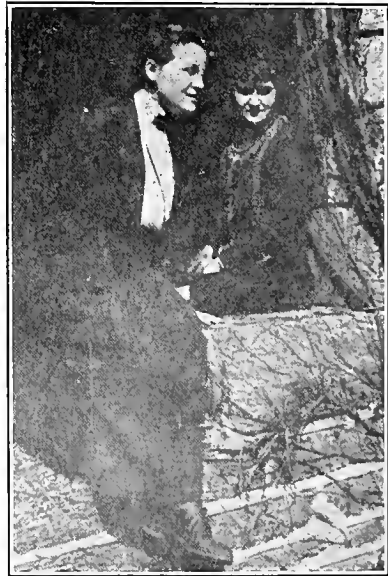


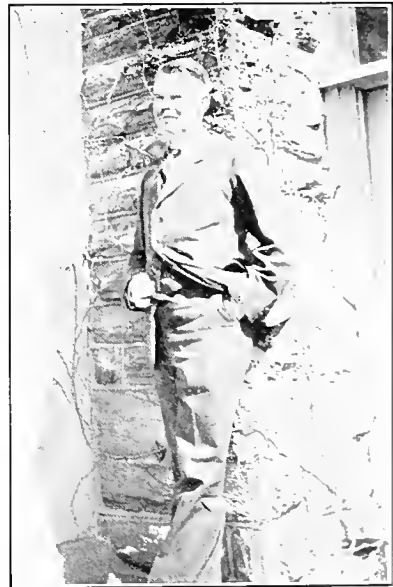
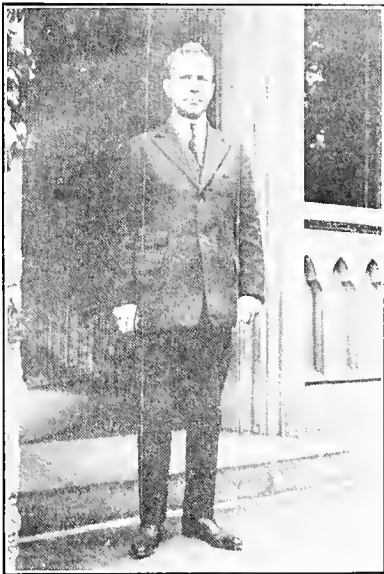


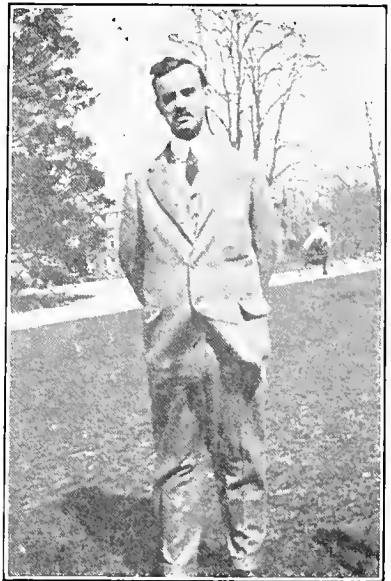
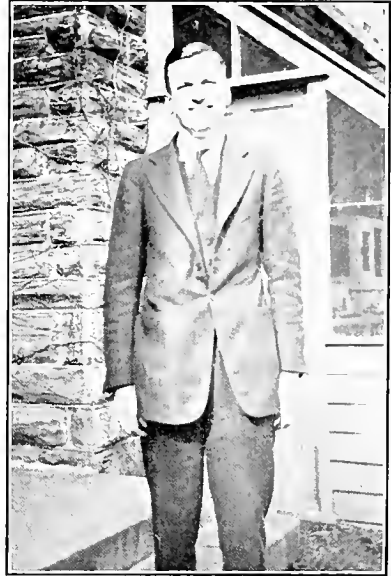


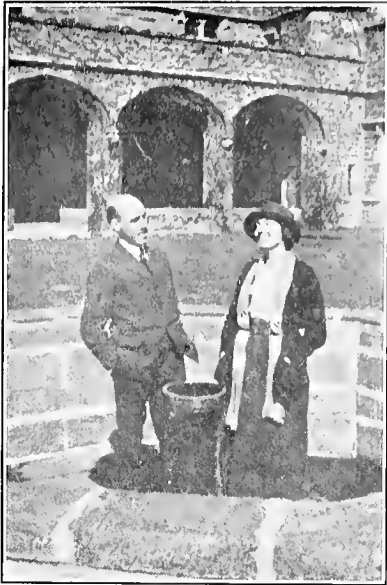
















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Baldwin, Mary.....	Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.
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Bolton, Cecile Baldwin.....	Charlottesville, Va.
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 Mills, Elizabeth.....125 North St., Buffalo, N. Y.
 Mills, Elizabeth Hoel.....397 Goundry St., N. Tonawanda, N. Y.
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 Mottu, Catharine Chandlee.....3400 Elgin Ave., Baltimore, Md.
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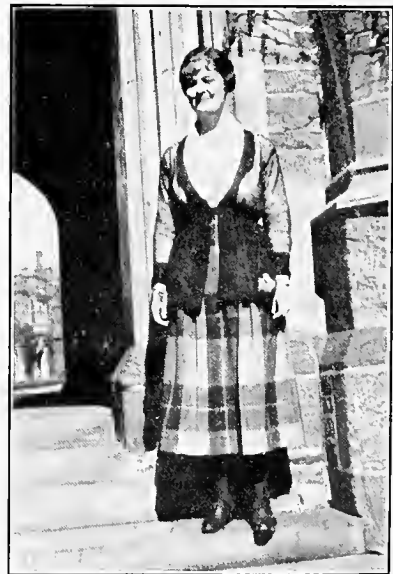
MARGARETTA ARCHBALD



HENRIETTA BALDWIN



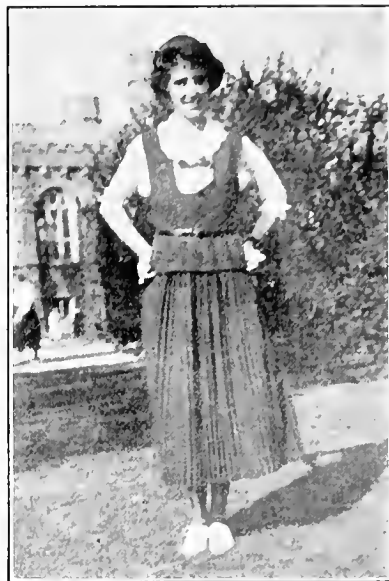
MARY BALDWIN



CATHERINE BARTON



LYDIA BECKWITH



HELEN BENNETT



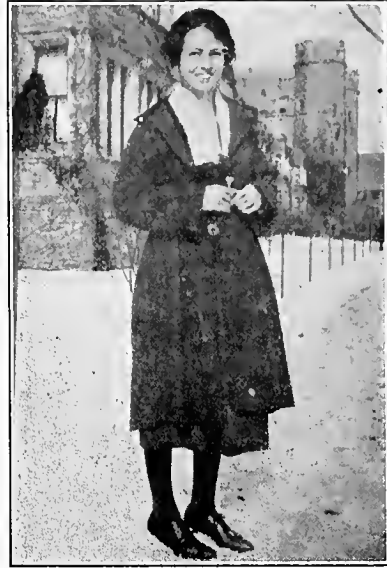
CATHERINE BICKLEY



FLORENCE BILLSTEIN



ELEANOR BLISS



CECILE BOLTON



ELEANORE BOSWELL



JANE BROWN



LOUISE CADOT



ELIZABETH CECIL



ELEANOR COLLINS



ELIZABETH COPE



KATHARINE COWEN



SIDNEY DONALDSON



CLARISSA DONNELLEY



ELEANOR DONNELLEY



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VICTORIA EVANS



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MARYNIA FOOT



CLARINDA GARRISON



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HELEN HILL



AGNES HOLLINGSWORTH



FRANCES HOWARD



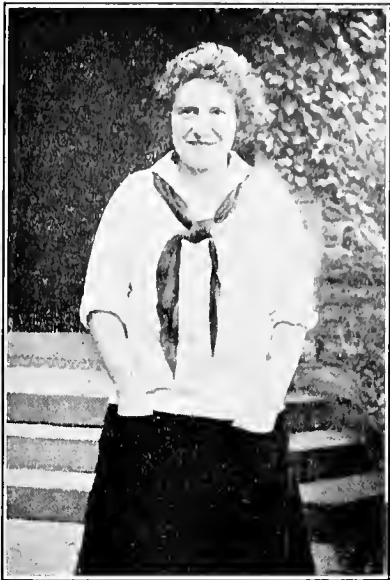
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HELEN JAMES



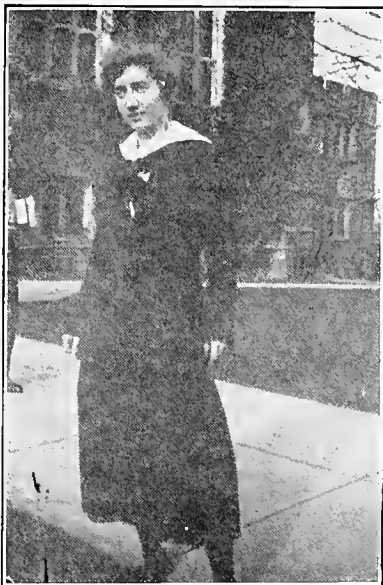
ELLEN JAY



KATHLEEN JOHNSTON



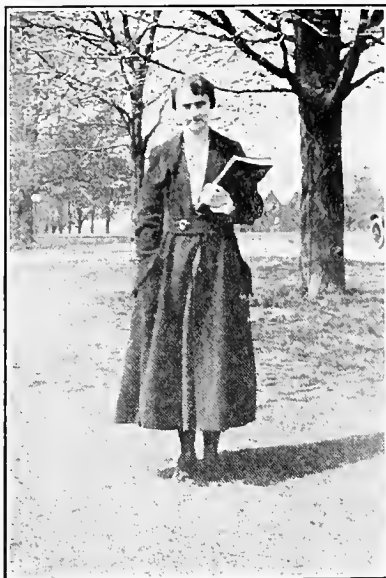
ELIZABETH KALES



RUTH KARNS



ELIZABETH KELLOGG



BOWER KELLY



EMILY KIMBROUGH



MARY PORTER KIRKLAND



DOROTHY KLENKE



FLORENCE KNIFFEN



MARGARET LADD



JANE LATTIMER



IDA LAUER



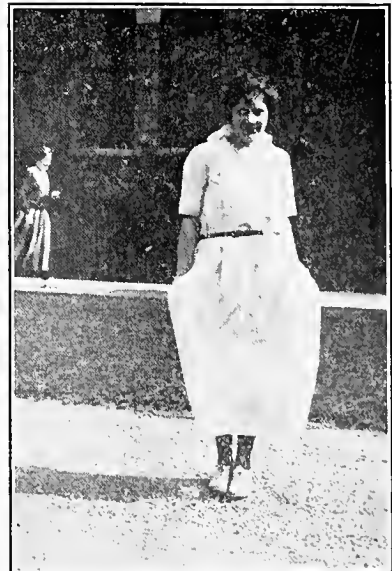
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GRACE LUBIN



HELEN MacDONALD



IRENE MAGINNIS



SILVINE MARBURY



ELIZABETH MATTESON



DOROTHY MCBRIDE



MARY MCCLENNEN



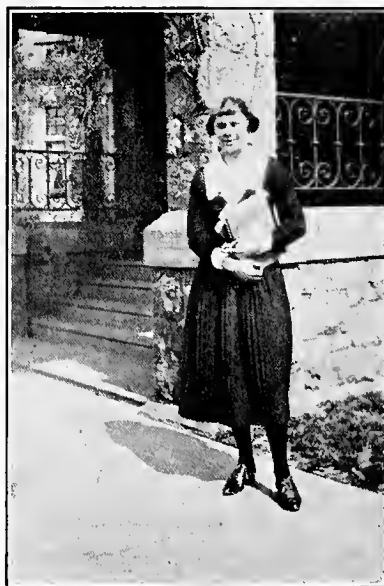
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MIRIAM MORRISON



MARGARET MORTON



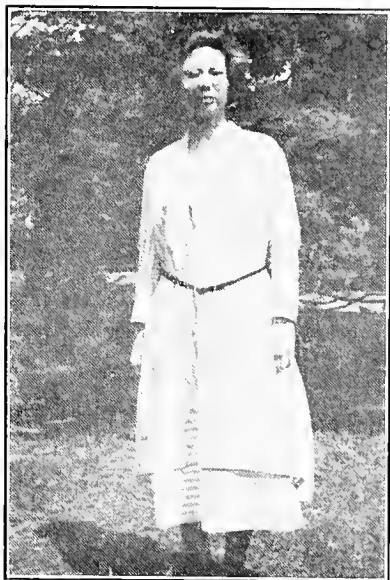
CATHARINE MOTTU



HELEN IRVIN MURRAY



ELEANOR NEWELL



MARY NOBLE



PASSYA OSTROFF



JULIA PEYTON



MARION PLATT



NANCY PORTER



LOUISE REINHARDT



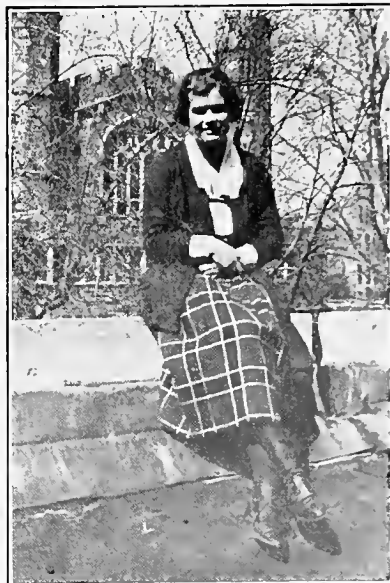
HELEN RUBEL



EUGENIA SHEPPARD



ELEANOR SHOEMAKER



MABEL SMITH



BEATRICE SPINNELLI



JEAN SPURNEY



HELEN STONE



ANN TAYLOR



MARGARET TAYLOR



ELIZABETH TAYLOR



MARIA THOMPSON



GRACE TROTTER



KATHARINE WALKER



BETTINA WARBURG



KATHARINE WARD



SIDNEY WASHBURN



ELINOR WEST



AILEEN WESTON



ALICE WHITTIER



MARGARET WIESMAN



THELMA WILLIAMS



LOUISE WILSON



KATHARINE WOODWARD



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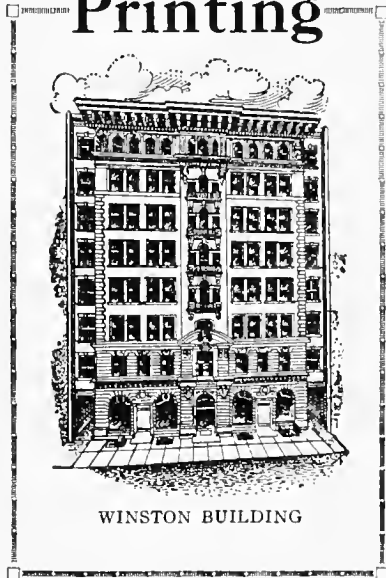
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